THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

August, 1804.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MARY, Duchess of Roxburgh, is the daughter of Captain Pecheroe, late of the Royal Navy, and niece of Sir John Smith, Baronet, of Sedling, in Dorsetshire.

It is an agreeable relief to our minds, to turn from characters, which, though the charms of their persons may form a beautiful portrait, must be considered rather as beacons to warn, than examples to be followed, to one who, we are assured, may be held up as a model well worthy the imitation of many of our modern quality. Her first elevation to rank and fortune, served to display the genuine qualities of an exalted mind and feeling heart, which scorn to owe dignity to a haughty carriage, or lofty demeanour, but to that which, indeed, can alone confer it—sweet simplicity, and condescending manners.

Among the accomplishments which superior talents, meeting with happy culture, may be supposed to have accumulated upon this favorite of Fortune, reading and music are said to be her Grace's most

beloved pursuits. To cultivate and enjoy these, amidst the rural scenery to which they are most congenial, is preferred by her to the noisy and tumultuous scenes which constitute what is called high life: and, in the circles which she forms, ease, elegance, sprightly sallies, and all the charms that render female conversation so delightful, are enjoyed in their highest perfection.

The most cynical are obliged to confess, or at least are forced to feel, that these talents appear to most advantage, where Nature has been bounteous in giving her finishing touches with regard to form, which is eminently the case with the subject of our present memoir, who appears at this moment in the full bloom of beauty.

The inspiration hence derived, gave birth to the following lines, when the death of the late Duke of Roxburgh opened the way to her Grace's present splendid and elevated situation. They are the production of an author, we have reason to think, not accustomed to address the "flattering line" to high rank, destitute of any other recommendation.

O, blest with Beauty, Wit, and Taste,
FORTUNE has paid her court at last:
And yet the Muse believe—
Who scorns the mean, the flatt'ring line—
More worth is ev'ry charm of thine
Than all the GODDESS has to give.

A COMPARISON.

WHEN we reflect upon the particular consideration and attention which superior honours or riches command, it puts us in mind of certain days, when clouds are flying about, and the sun happens to shine out strongly from between some of them on particular parcels of ground: those spots of the prospect will then be gilded, and distinguished to the eye, in such a manner, that all the others, however beautiful they may be in themselves, will be quite overlooked, and disregarded. A.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXII.

I MAKE no apology to my fair readers for presenting them with the following pair of letters. As they exhibit a pretty correct picture of life in certain situations, they will probably be read not without advantage; and as they seem to breathe a spirit of mutual recrimination, and to paint without favour or affection, it will be unnecessary for me to add many observations to what the writers of them have respectively advanced.

Respected Old Lady, *Codger Farm.*

This comes with my humble service to you, hoping you are well, and that you enjoy as much comfort and happiness as can be enjoyed at your years, which, according to your own statements, (and no woman, you know, wishes to be thought older than she really is,) must be on the wrong side of seventy. Be that as it may, as long as a person can hobble about, and do just as she likes, I see no reason why she should not jog on in the road of life, with some degree of pleasure and satisfaction. If I may believe your professions at starting, you are free from the greatest of all human plagues--I mean a husband—a being whose churlish and ungenerous conduct occasions my troubling you with this scrawl, which I hope you will take in good part, and be able to read without difficulty. I received (though I say it) as good an education as any in the parish in which I was born, except the parson's daughter; but my ill stars having joined me to a man without taste, and who studies nothing but the main chance, my head is all confusion when I read; and my hand trembles when I write, lest he should catch me idling away my time, as he calls it, and neglecting the task he never fails to expect me to perform as regularly as the sun rises and sets.

You must know, my reverend Old Lady, that my father was as good a tradesman as ever kept a shop, and as indulgent a man as ever had a daughter. I was brought up with extreme tenderness; and as I could be of little or no assistance to him in his way of business, I did nothing but what I liked myself. I read novels, prided myself on knowing the newest fashions, learned to dress with rather more taste than my neighbours, to say no more than should be said; and as good clothes and finery are nothing without being seen, I was constantly an attendant at wakes and dances, within the distance of some miles; as I never failed to put myself in the way of receiving an invitation from some one or other of my father's customers.

You would be surprised to hear how many compliments I had paid to my beauty and accomplishments, on such occasions, by young gentlemen of some figure, when you farther learn, that, before I was thirty years of age, I was induced to forego them all, and look round about me for a man who wished to be sincere rather than civil. As I was an only daughter, and expected at least five hundred pounds, I had held my head pretty high for twelve years of my life; and by these means, I verily believe, *dashed* several who would have been ready to own themselves my lovers, had I given them that encouragement which I afterwards found it prudent to do, lest I should be left an OLD MAID, which sounds really worse than an OLD WOMAN.

What's done cannot be undone! A bumpkin of a farmer, who was very well to pass, and whom I thought I could manage as I pleased, charmed with my condescension, half explained himself as smitten with me. I took him at his word; and, to the wonder of all my acquaintance, became his wife. For some time, I had no reason to complain, except of his want of taste. He indulged me in his way, without grumbling; but finding, on my father's death, which was rather sudden, that he had nothing coming by way of fortune, (for the worthy man had drank

drank up all his savings!) he was determined, as he said, to find a fortune *in* a wife, as he was disappointed in having one *with* me, and insisted that I should attend the dairy, the poultry, and such kind of things; to which I was unwilling either to turn my hand or my heart. I did not patiently submit to this; but making a merit of necessity, I at last complied with his wishes; and for seven years denied myself my usual pleasures, that I might assist in making him rich enough to indulge me in a visit to some public place, for which I had anxiously longed. But nothing could satisfy him; and as he became more sullen and stingy as he got more money, I threatened to leave him; for we happened to have no family; and I desired he would allow me a separate maintenance. The monster grinned in such a ghastly manner at this request, that I shall never forget his manner, and told me, "I might be thankful that I could live as he did, by work; and that if I chose to set up for a lady, I might find the means myself, for that he would neither fetch me back, if I ran away, nor give a single shilling to support me." I then begged he would allow me, for the sake of my health, to spend only one fortnight at Cheltenham this season, from which we are not distant above forty miles; but even at this moderate petition he laughed, and maliciously remarked, that, "if I was industrious and active, I did not want to have my ill humours thrown off by any other means; and that I was as ill qualified to appear among gay folks, as I was to preach a sermon." What can be done with such a brute, who has no more taste or feeling than a fat hog? Tell me, dear Old Woman, and I will make you a present of the best turkey and chine, next Christmas, that you ever set your eyes on. My husband knows I always read the Lady's Museum, which is lent me by a neighbour; and if you give him a good *jobation*, you will for ever oblige,

Yours to command,

JANE HOGSFLESH.

Madam,

I find my cross *rib* has been tampering with you to give me a *jobation,* as she calls it; but I hope you know better than to interfere between man and wife; and if you will tell her what duty she owes to her lord and master, and prevail on her to follow it, instead of a turkey and chine, I will give you a fat pig. I am a plain man, and hate all palavering; but I love my Jane better than she loves me; and if I could prevail on her to mind the business of the farm, and to give up all thoughts of gadding about, and wishing to be *polite,* forsooth, I would readily indulge her in any thing consistent with my station; and she might even lay out a shilling or two a month, in buying the little pretty book in which your advice to females, and observations on their conduct, appear. Dang it! I would not grudge trifles. She might even ride to market instead of walking; and stop, and drink tea now and then with neighbour Pothook's wife, or farmer Neddy's daughter. I like society as well as *she,* and am pleased to see her pleased; but I must not forget that I must pay my rates, taxes, and rent; and though I may, perhaps, have inherited, and saved a few hundred pounds, and am worth fifty pounds a year in freehold land, that is not such a mighty matter in these times, nor will it allow me to think of extravagance! I do not wish to reflect upon her, sullen and churlish as she calls me; but she should remember that the old grocer, her father, left me nothing but the charge of burying him, which I did as decently as if he had been a gentleman. No doubt she has more learning and taste than I have; yet I hope I have as much solid sense as she has, and I am sure I make as good an use of it. Dear, dear! what a sad enemy to woman is vanity! how dangerous is a turn for extravagance! Would you believe it, she is not satisfied, unless she alters her dress every month, according to the fine folks in London, whose fashions you copy; and then she must be for shewing it, not only at church, where I never refused her

going when she had done her work, but at every place, far and near, where fools and people of fortune, meet to stare at each other, and to spend money.

I took a sly peep into her letter to you; and it is all a story from beginning to end, as far as I am concerned. I know she was not in earnest when she threatened to leave me, because I am pretty certain she does not know where to do better: and as to visiting Cheltenham, or any other public place, what should people like us meet there, but mortification and d sgust? We should deserve to be laugh d at for our assurance; and it would, to a man of my turn of thinking, be a poor satisfaction to laugh again, at the extravagance and folly of persons who pay more for drinking *water*, than would suffice to procure them good strong *beer*. Mercy on us! when a farmer's wife wants to be a lady of fashion, and to visit the haunts of dissipation, I am more alarmed than if I saw a blazing star, or heard a screech owl at my window. No! no! I love my king and country, and I love my wife as much as I ought to do, and better perhaps than she deserves, but I am not to give up my independence as a yeoman; nor, if the state requires a portion of my dear-earned money, am I to squander away the remainder in jaunts and junkettings, and dress, and kickshaws. I am, Madam,

Your loving humble servant, till death,

ANTHONY HOGSFLESH.

The OLD WOMAN earnestly counsels Jane and Anthony to *bear* and *forbear*. If the former thought proper to become the wife of a farmer, she ought not to repine at performing the duties, and supporting the privations, of her station; for it is incumbent on every woman to study not only the interest, but the humour, of the man whom she marries; and in his happiness to seek, and to find, her own pleasure and enjoyment. The Old Woman always gives her opinion without a bribe, being never so happy as when she has an opportunity of doing good.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

IT was with some degree of impatience I waited for the appearance of your last Number, trusting I should have seen the *announce* of a *Lady's Shakespeare* in page 415 of your last Volume, properly resented by some of my own sex. The uniform respect paid to the understanding of women, even in the admonitory parts of your work, and wherein you see it necessary to reprove us, induces me to think you admitted this announce for no other purpose than to provoke the animadversions of the ladies, and not because you yourself approve it. So far is well; yet I am a little offended with you for endeavouring to impose upon us by a female signature, which is impossible to be true in the very nature of things. To consider ladies as such baby things, that they must have the great Poet of Nature mutilated, and cut down to a proper size or standard, for their capacities, certainly originated with a man; and one not only destitute of gallantry towards the sex, but insolently taking upon himself to judge what is fit for them to see, and what ought to be withheld from their view; who professes this Shakespeare to be designed for the unlettered and innocent female, (which last epithet, taken in this connection, must mean simple;) and, by calling it "The Lady's Shakespeare," shews that this is the light in which he holds the aggregate body of the Ladies of Great Britain: yet, with such an opinion of his own understanding, and contempt for theirs, is so ignorant of woman-kind, as not to know, that, if there are a few scenes which we would wish women and children not to read, he has taken the very method to excite an ardour to be acquainted with them, and to give a pernicious importance to them, they would not otherwise have possessed.

That

That there are exceptionable passages in Shakespeare is not denied, which are very properly banished from the stage; though, when we reflect how he drew from nature, we must allow him the praise of having restrained the luxuriance of his imagination, and may wonder that scenes of this kind are so few, considering the characters he had to delineate. But these are left out in representation, not because the morals of the virtuous among the fair could be thereby endangered; for, whether they are seen or read, they produce the same effect on modest women, as the manners of the abandoned part of their own sex; that is, confirm virtue by exciting an abhorrence of its contrary. They are omitted, not because women are present in the theatre, but because men are there, whose impure hearts, and unclean imaginations, suffer nothing to escape, which can possibly bear an indelicate construction; and by scrutinizing glances, or an impudent stare, create vexation and disorder in the ladies, and by such their rudeness, excite indignation in husbands, fathers, and brothers. Reasons such as these, I apprehend, have led to the exclusion of scenes of this kind; and not because the representation of Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, can pollute the virtuous mind; but would produce what, I am persuaded, the author intended, a directly contrary effect. For to a certain degree, (within which degree Shakespeare may be placed,) it may be as truly affirmed of women as of the Poet's own Hal, that

"———— to gain the language,
"'Tis even needful that immodest words
"*Be look'd upon* and learn'd: which once attain'd,
"———— comes to no further use,
"But to be known and hated"

And I should suppose that a father, the most anxious that can be conceived to secure the virtue and consequent future happiness of his child, would hardly wish her to be so unconscious of indecency,

as

as to sit amidst obscene conversation, without discovering any emotion, or displaying the dignity of insulted modesty. He would not, surely, have the ignorance of innocence carried to such a pitch, that she should not know there are such things in the world as seduction, debauchery, bawds, &c. and be exposed to be met in the street, and conducted to a brothel; deriving her first knowledge that there are men to be feared, places to be shunned, and practices to be abhorred, from bitter experience in her own dishonour and ruin!

But why does not *Mr.* Euphemia carry his schemes for the preservation of female virtue a little farther, and, as he is so careful to preserve it from contamination in the closet, provide for its security also in the streets, by directing women to walk covered with a close veil, which may prevent their seeing any thing but the ground before their feet, and not to lift it up, but by direction of some male duenna of his own kidney, who might walk before them, peering on every side, and permitting them just to take a peep when there happens to be nothing within ken or hearing, obscene or profane, which might affect either of those senses? I have read of a country in the south-east of Europe, from whence he may draw precedents; and I have heard too, that they have a proverb in those countries, which implies, that "Resistance is never to be looked for from a woman conveniently found alone."

The latter of these is the natural consequence of the former: and so it must ever be where the security of female innocence is founded in ignorance and seclusion from the world, instead of their being taught what is good, and what is evil, and to choose the good, and hate the evil.

Upon this principle, Shakespeare, in the Tempest, has represented the father and the lover entering into compact, that the lovely, unconscious Miranda shall not be defiled. Prospero says to Ferdinand,

"If

" If thou dost break her virgin knot before
" All sanctimonious ceremonies may
" With full and holy rite be minister'd," &c.

To which Ferdinand replies,

" ———————— as I hope
" For quiet days, fair issue, and long life," &c.

But she is made no party to the business—an incident, which might be considered as an insult to the sex, if the peculiarity of her bringing-up was not taken into the account; and is among the other manifold proofs of our Poet's great knowledge of human nature; and therefore, we find no such stipulation among the male creatures to preserve the chastity of the lively Beatrice, who lived in a Court, and knew men and manners. She was a sufficient and the best guardian of it herself, as every modest woman is, whose virtue is founded in knowledge and principle. Her indignant frown can confound the most licentious, and penetrate through a sevenfold shield of brass, reducing the most impudent and successful triumpher over female virtue to his proper insignificance, and overwhelming him with contempt. I the rather dwell on this beautiful and instructive incident, because it is to be apprehended, that this mauler of Shakespeare, in his "eyeless rage," will suffer it no more to delight and inform my sex; unless, viewing the subject in the light I do, they shall dare to assert their claim to an acquaintance with ALL the works of an author, the glory of his country; and convince the Editor of the Lady's Shakespeare, that they are as capable for themselves, as any one can be for them, to distinguish between the precious and the vile; a species of knowledge which will never, as taught by Shakespeare, pollute the mind; but confirm it in virtue, by laying open the human heart, and representing mankind as they are.

SOPHIA.

THE PLEASURIST.

MINDS that derive all their pleasures from the levity and mirth of promiscuous company, are seldom able to contribute, in any high degree, to their own amusement. Characters like these search every place for entertainment, except their own bosoms, and the bosoms of their surrounding families. The wearied pleasurist, sinking under the weight that preys upon his spirits, flies to scenes of public gaiety, or private splendor, in fond, but vain, expectation, that they will dispel his discontent, and recreate his mind; but he finds, alas! that the fancied asylum affords him no rest. The ever-craving appetite for pastime always grows by what it feeds on. While he eagerly embraces every object that promises to supply the direful vacancy of his mind, he exhausts its remaining strength; enlarges the wound he is so anxiously endeavouring to heal; and, by too eagerly grasping at the phantom Pleasure, loses, perhaps for ever, the substantial power of being happy.

Z.

ON TRIFLES.

—— nugæ in seria ducunt.
HORACE.

THE seed of a turnip had been accidentally dropped in my flower-garden, and had grown to an immense size. That so large a plant should spring from so minute a seed, led me to consider the importance of trifles. 'Tis an amusing task, when the mind is unbent, to retrace the actions of past life, and to observe how many consequences of the greatest moment have sprung from incidents of the most trivial nature. There is scarcely an action, however great, but, when gradually retraced to its source, will be found to have begun in some incidental trifle. Trifles are as springs, which at first glide in rivulets and brooks, which, widening as they go, spread into streights,

streights, lakes, and seas. But 'tis as impossible to tell what a trifle may lead to, as 'tis to enumerate the branches of an oak by viewing the acorn which is to produce it: its general tendency, however, may be ascertained, as we know an acorn must produce an oak: and from this general knowledge we are to judge of the propriety of suppressing or encouraging whatever chance may produce. But these, when they happen, appear so unworthy our care, that we heed neither them or their consequences. Indeed, 'tis often the consequence that reminds us of the cause, and 'tis then we begin to repent that we did not either suppress or encourage it at first. A trifle may join two souls in friendship which may exist for years—and that very friendship may, by a trifle, be dissolved in a moment. The most affectionate love oft begins in a trifle, and is by a trifle as oft destroyed. Trifles have made emperors, and dethroned kings. Trifles have made breaches, and effected reconciliations. A trifle has done in a moment, what industry could not in a year.

One of the few firm friendships I ever made, was occasioned by eating ice creams in a pastry-cook's shop at Oxford; and was, after several years, dissolved by my wearing a ring like my friend's. But the closest connection I ever made, or was ever solicitous of preserving, was begun by the watering of my horse near Hagley, and was, after a long series of years and events, terminated by a *thing* which is *less* than a trifle—a silly woman of fashion: she hated me because I was not a fribble.—How a gnat can sting!

Darius was made king by the neighing of a horse; and an eminent Apostle was convinced of his shame by the crowing of a cock. Thus we see trifles, "light as air," have ever had their weight, and have been made the instruments of some great affair. And, indeed, the importance of trifles may be some apology for the ladies being so fond of them!

This leads me to consider trifles in another sense of the word. How many individuals are there whose lives are composed of trifles—whose delight has its existence in them! But, of all men to whom the kingdom of trifles is most indebted, the Antiquaries and Virtuosi stand highest—I mean the collectors of moths and butterflies, of coins, corals, and cockle-shells: their very life is consumed in the pursuit and preservation of trifles. Talking of Antiquaries, puts me in mind of a story my father used to tell—which may afford more entertainment than all I can write—'Tis pity I did not think of it before. "In the year one thousand seven hundred and"—(said he)—But I must tell the story myself; for my father was not only an antiquary, but a lawyer also; consequently he made the most of every thing. And, by the bye, I am a bit of a virtuoso myself; and though I do not possess *any* of the skulls of Oliver Cromwell, (for to *my* knowledge he had *five*—I have seen *three* of them,) I once gave half-a-crown for a bit of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree at Stratford. To be sure, it was planted a hundred years after his death; but that's no matter; 'twill do just as well—for I mean to convert it into the handle of a penknife to erase some of the ridiculous criticisms of his commentators. But to return to my story—I wish I could learn to write straight forwards; I have a sad habit of digressing, and running from my subject; and Shenstone says 'tis a sign of madness—God forbid—Pshaw!—'tis only *trifling*. Now for it then———

A sage Antiquary, (I forget his name,) notwithstanding his great love for mould, rust, and filth, was so incommoded by an old gutter near his house, which, for want of cleansing, was become very offensive, that he resolved it should be opened. The men accordingly were set to work, and, in the course of their turning over the old rubbish, discovered an antique carving; but so corroded with moss and dirt,

dirt, that the *relief* was scarcely perceptible. One of them was in the act of cleaning it, when the Antiquary passed by, and instantly stopped so *impious* and *sacrilegious* a deed. He ordered it into his study, and shut himself up for ten days among his books, to discover in what century it was first used. Many and various were the conjectures he formed; but what strengthened one, weakened another. The figure itself, indeed, afforded little information; it was almost a "*rudis indigestaque moles.*"—(Now, curse that bit of Latin; I don't see what business I had to quote it—but I, like some other men, when they have a *bit* of learning, cannot help shewing it.)—But I'll tell thee, Reader, what it was like. Did'st thou ever see the great heads round the Theatre and Museum at Oxford? 'twas for all the world like one of those. Now the Sage being quite undetermined as to the origin of this strange figure, invited all his brother Antiquaries from far and near; and in due time the august assembly met—it was not less awful than that over the shield of Scriblerus. One declared it to be of Egyptian origin, from a particular formation of the nose:—this was denied by a second, from the appearance of two letters at the bottom; for the Egyptians (he observed) always used hieroglyphics. Of the letters one was a T, and the other appeared something like an S; but was so much defaced, that one of the Sages declared it to *have been* a Greek letter, signifying *God*—and that the figure was a Saxon idol.—Another maintained it to be the god Thor.—A fourth said they were all wrong, for it was a druidical relic. But one, that had not yet spoken, said it was an Icunculus.—The dispute, however, was left undecided; and they all resolved to devote a year's study to it, and meet again on that day twelvemonth. The figure, however, remained in the Sage's museum, who resolved to have an antique niche made in the wall for its reception; and accordingly sent for one *Thomas Stoakes,* a mason, for

the purpose. When the man was taking the dimensions of the figure, after looking at it attentively for some time, (while the Sage was enlarging on its immense value and antiquity,) he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.—"Lord! (said he) who would have thought that the old head would have come to so much honour!"

Upon inquiry, it was found that this Thomas Stoakes, when a boy, had seen some fine statues, and being ambitious of becoming a great statuary, had attempted an Apollo's head; but having failed in his design, had thrown it into a ditch of nettles and rubbish.

I would not wish here to be thought to decry the study of Antiquity: for when, on the one hand, it is restrained from childishness, and, on the other, from enthusiasm, 'tis noble and honourable, and has the closest connection with sense and learning.

Trifles, while innocent, may laudably be indulged. I admire the man much who can be pleased with a trifle—though I hold him in the highest contempt who is offended at one. That little things should be the cause of love, friendship, and reconciliation, is extremely pleasing—more so than from things of greater importance—for to be pleased with a little, indicates a good heart. For my own part, that little things have occasioned me pain, I will not deny; yet 'tis but justice to confess, that they have also afforded me the most exquisite pleasure. Every man, if he reflects, must acknowledge the same. Indeed, trifles have so great a share in our life, that a volume may be written on the subject; in my hands, I fear it would turn out but a trifle. However, to better authors I leave better subjects; yet if any thing I have written has afforded any reader a few amusing moments, I shall feel happy that I have had a trifle to write upon.

NUGATOR.

July 8, 1804.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

I SHOULD feel myself wanting both in gratitude and politeness, could I pass over, without notice, the very flattering, and, I am afraid, unmerited encomiums which have been bestowed upon me, in the last number of your Museum, from the pen of *Musiphilus*, whose pleasing and elegant productions have often, I doubt not, proved a source of gratification and instruction to the fair readers of the Lady's Museum, and prove the writer to possess many valuable acquirements, besides the art of paying elegant compliments.

The gratifying task he is pleased to assign me, of guiding the fair on the road towards perfection, in which he is content to give himself the appellation of a "directing-post," might well be deemed a formidable undertaking; yet it is well known, that the most intricate path becomes easy and pleasant, when there are good *directing-posts* to look to at every perplexing turn. We should feel little hesitation in undertaking a voyage, however perilous it might appear, could we insure ourselves fair winds, and prosperous gales, to steer us into the desired port. But, alas! the numerous errors we commit, and the embarrassments we are frequently involved in, on our road through life, do not happen to us because there are no directors to warn us to shun them. There are enow, if we choose to attend to them; and if we wilfully shut our eyes against them, we must not blame the ruggedness of the road, but our own carelessness in getting out of the smooth path.

Either from motives of philanthropy, or to obtain the esteem of others, it is obvious that those possessed of talents and genius, have constantly been employed in endeavouring to improve their fellow-travellers; and that not a few have peculiarly directed their attention to the improvement of the most beautiful part

of the creation. To instil virtue by precept, and to unite the charms of beauty with those of virtue and modesty, has, it should seem, been long a favourite subject of dissertation, in order to add worth and dignity to those who seemed formed by nature to excite admiration.

It may, indeed, be asked, with some degree of propriety, why it is necessary to dwell upon subjects which have already been so strongly enforced, and so ably discussed? The most rational excuse I conceive for administering another draught, is, that the patient still remains uncured; and nothing is more obvious, than that the blemishes which such pains have been taken to remove, are still frequently to be found; and that, though all the elegance of diction, and the harmony of poetry, have been employed in praise of beauty, when embellished with modesty and simplicity, yet we need not seek far in the world, to find it connected with affectation and pride.

If we imagine a recluse, in all the early stages of life, secluded from the world—forming his ideas of worth and dignity from the works of genius and wisdom which he peruses—beholding every page beaming with instruction; and finding that great and intelligent minds have laboured with unceasing assiduity to inspire emulation in laudable pursuits—would such an one, when entered upon the real stage of life, find it come up to the conceptions he had formed? He would, doubtless, often have read, with emotions of delight, of the graces of female loveliness—he might have feasted his imagination with one day beholding the downcast eye of modesty adding new lustre to the charms of youth and beauty—would such an one be much enamoured with a specimen of the too-prevailing cast of modern manners? Surely not—He would rather be filled with pity and regret, to see a beautiful female so far mistake her own dignity, as to be indulging a kind of fancied superiority over others, by being able to out-stare, or out-talk, a whole company.

There

There is nothing, perhaps, that would more forcibly strike the imagination of one who had formed his ideas in total seclusion from the world, than to find that the name of LOVE, which he had been used to consider as a noble and disinterested passion, was commonly used in the world, more especially in the higher classes of society, as a mere assistant, for the furtherance of mercenary views; and that a union at a modern hymeneal altar, differed very little, if any thing, from concluding a common mercantile bargain. As he would naturally feel interested in a subject which had so often, perhaps, afforded him a delightful source of contemplation, it may easily be conceived, that he would feel considerable regret, at seeing a mother training up her daughter to consider herself as an article of traffic; and that her beauty, (of which she is taught to think she has a considerable share,) will be sure to procure her numerous adorers, whenever so bright a star illumines the fashionable hemisphere.

Thus, by early instilling into her youthful mind, that the personal charms she possesses are quite sufficient to secure her an exalted station, she soon imbibes the idea, that every thing else is of little consequence; and these notions of self-sufficiency, soon eradicate all the traits of simplicity so pleasing in early youth, which is as readily succeeded by the pertness of more advanced years; while the mother, with nearly the same sensations as those with which a grazier sees his favourite ox become, each day, more *marketable*, beholds, with *sagacious* pleasure, her daughter's advances towards the summit of *perfection*.

Thus, by degrees, she is initiated in all the arts which may serve to shew her off to the best advantage, (arts which lessen her dignity, and degrade her beauty,) till, at length, the long wished-for period arrives, when, with a mind teeming with vanity and affectation, and a person tricked out in all the vagaries of fashion, she is to begin her manœuvres in the field

field of conquest—when she must appear at every public place—when the morning must be dedicated to the study of embellishments for the evening—when every noble, every laudable pursuit, must be given up for the rage of conquest; and nothing by any means omitted, that may be conducive to the grand object, of being able, at last, to make a *good bargain;* whilst the careful father, giving up the sacred duties of a parent for the functions of an auctioneer, waits, with uplifted hammer, to knock her off to the *best bidder!*

But it may be asked, who is this *best bidder?* he who has given the sincerest proofs of his affection? he who would make the kindest husband? the most affectionate father? the most indulgent friend? By no means—these are old and exploded considerations. The important points with the prudent parents are, to consider who will offer the best settlements—who can produce the longest rent-roll—who has the greatest number of acres attached to him. Whilst the daughter is no less solicitous to inquire, who has the most elegant house—the most costly furniture—the most gaudy equipage. Let *these* once appear in the list of bidders, and farewell Worth, Sense, Prudence, Love—These, though sometimes valued, can make little impression on those, whose *soaring* minds can perceive no higher attainment than being conspicuous in the giddy circles of folly, or arriving at a pitch of notoriety sufficient to enable them to be the leader of a new fashion.

Such are the flimsy foundations upon which modern marriages are so frequently built; and it should seem, as if Love, enraged at having his name used as a mere instrument for carrying on the sordid purposes of avarice and ambition, resents the insult by taking his flight for ever from their dwellings, to light up his flame in bosoms more willing, and better calculated, to entertain him.

HENRICUS.

July 1804.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is scarcely a single passage in the New Testament, from which some useful lesson may not be derived; and, in perusing these instructive passages, none strikes me as more worthy of attention, than the comparison between the *mote* and the *beam*. How blind is each individual to his own imperfections! yet with what a microscopic eye does he scrutinize into those of his friend; or, I ought rather to say, into those of his *acquaintance!* for friendship, like love, is blind to many faults.

Simple circumstances, Mr. Editor, will frequently produce *serious reflections;* and this at present happens to be the case; for it was an observation which I heard made upon the *dress* of the ladies, that gave rise to the preceding remarks. For the fair sex I have always felt an instinctive kind of affection; even a tolerable looking woman is an *angel* in my eyes; and when I either *hear* the tongue of slander, or *see* the pen of illiberality, drawn against them, I consider the author of the censure in the most despicable light. You, Sir, I am inclined to believe, entertain sentiments somewhat similar; for I do not recollect to have observed any satirical remarks in your judicious work. I think I hear you exclaim, "Far be it from me to *censure,* where I feel *admiration!*" Bravo! Mr. Editor; I unite in the applause.

But, to return to the subject which gave rise to this epistle, namely, the *indecency* of a fashionable Lady's dress; for it was asserted in my presence, that their gossamer-like drapery was rather calculated to *shew* than *conceal* their shapes. Of all beautiful sights under the canopy of heaven, a fine-formed woman surely is the *first!* Yet these insensible wretches, lost to the charms of nature, would have them bound up like Egyptian Mummies in an encumbering wrap of clothes! At this season, in particular, surely their

dress

dress must be allowed appropriate; and as it is not the fashion in England to adapt the clothing to the time of the year, is it not pleasanter to see a lovely woman adorned in thin muslin at Christmas, than it would be to behold her covered with furs and brocade in the scorching month of June?

Human nature, Mr. Editor, seems to have an aversion to *mediocrity*—*extremes* alone afford it delight: why then, let me ask, should not a female enjoy an equal privilege with the lordly sons of mankind? How easily do we discern the imperfections of others, but how obstinately blind are we to those which are attached to ourselves! Of the truth of this assertion, I have just received positive conviction, even in the insignificant point of female dress. The gentlemen who condemned the *folly* of the fair sex, (though, if my recollection does not deceive me, *indecency* was the term,) were all of them adorned with three or four waistcoats in one of the hottest days of June! It would be difficult to say how many yards of muslin each of these condemners of modern fashions had entwined round their throats; and, completely to appropriate their whole dress to the season, all of them wore leather breeches, and boots!

So contemptible did I consider the conduct of these gentlemen, that I unceremoniously reminded them of the *beam* and the *mote*, and boldly defended the rights of the ladies to dress in whatever manner they chose. I was silenced, however, by one of the party observing, that he had the strongest reasons for condemning the present mode of dress; as a lovely girl, to whom he shortly was to have been married, through the *folly* of *it*, had actually lost the use of her limbs. "Your misfortune, Edward, (said a young man in mourning, who had merely listened to the company's remarks,) is trifling, when compared to the anguish I have suffered; for, whilst there *is life*, you know there *are hopes!*"

As this observation was expressed in a tone of real sorrow, I turned the conversation into another channel,

nel, until he had quitted the room, when a sentiment far different to that of curiosity, induced me to enquire the meaning of his words. This unfortunate young man, Mr. Editor, had been married to a female, whose loveliness of person could only be equalled by the accomplished turn of her mind; but his happiness was of short duration; for, at the expiration of six months, he lost his charming wife! Had Providence directed the stroke, religion and resignation would have taught him to bear it; but, to render it more horrible, she was consumed by fire: A hot poker happened to touch the train of a thin muslin garment, and before any assistance could be offered, her whole dress was in a flame. To make this calamity doubly afflictive, the amiable young woman was far advanced in a pregnant state; and though two years had elapsed since the melancholy event happened, the forlorn widower seemed to feel his loss as severely as if it had only occurred within a week.

The account of these melancholy events put my mind into a train of reasoning. I am an admirer of Nature, and love to see her displayed; yet that *fashion* should be the means of *terminating existence*, was an effect which philanthropy could not easily reconcile. Fortunately for the world at large, but particularly so for the ladies, a new idea occurred to my brain, and I am inclined to believe that the present and future generations, will express their acknowledgments—and immortalize my name!

Wise and sagacious as I allow you to be, Mr. Editor, I am persuaded the thought of dressing a lovely woman in *stone*, would never have struck your mind; yet this actually is the fashion I mean to introduce among the ladies, from knowing that it will resist the effect of fire. That *stones*, or rather *statues*, have frequently been erected to females, the page of ancient and modern history will prove; but the decorating their persons in a substance of callosity, is one of those extraordinary phenomenons which must at once *enlighten* and *surprise*.

Still, Mr. Editor, I do not intend to deceive you, by asserting, that the *invention* is *entirely* my *own;* for I mean to share the honour with Signor Marco Antonio Castagno, who first discovered the method of mollifying stones. We are informed in the Venetian Journal de Literate, that this extraordinary genius, by a chemical preparation, had not only softened the Amianthus stone, but that, by a certain process, he could form it into a texture as pliant as the finest lamb-skin that ever was dressed: in short, that he could bring it to any consistency, even to that of the finest paper that could be wove; yet still he would preserve its genuine whiteness, which is scarcely to be equalled by the snow.

So much, Mr. Editor, for the inventive faculties of Signor Castagno; but to your correspondent is to redound the honour of bringing them into use; for be it known to the world, that this extraordinary composition completely *withstands* the power of *fire.* In the eleventh number of the Philosophical Transactions, you will see a full account of this wonderful stone, which, after having been reduced to the consistency of paper, actually could not be burnt. This lanuginous stone is found in quantities in several of the mines of Italy; and as mines for ages are inexhaustible, what an immense number of females may be clothed, and still preserve the present fashionable appearance, by wearing the *Amianthusian* gown!

Through the wide circulating channel of your publication, Mr. Editor, I flatter myself that this wonderful discovery will be made known to the world; after which, I shall address a letter to the Minister, who, I am persuaded, will be happy to promote the success of my scheme.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF THE FAIR SEX.

Cambridge, June 24, 1804.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

MR. KNOX, in his admirable and justly admired Essays, observes, that "all heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by *precept* and *example*;" but let me ask the fashionable female, whether she considers herself in this responsible light?

Although I have reason to believe that my case is not an *uncommon* one, perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may do me the favour of inserting it in your judicious Work; and though I do not expect the evil under which I labour to be remedied by publication, I trust it may act as a warning to the inexperienced of my sex. Allow me, then, to tell you, Sir, that I am the son of an eminent physician, whose abilities were not merely confined to medical skill; for his knowledge flowed in as extensive a channel, as the fertilizing stream of the Nile. Under the auspices of such a father, it was impossible that my mind should not become intelligent; and he had the happy art of blending instruction with delight. As it was his intention to bring me up to his own profession, I was sent to Edinburgh for the purpose of taking my degrees.

I had not been at college more than six months, when I heard an alarming account of this excellent parent's health. With filial solicitude I hastened back to England. But how shall I paint the shock which my feelings underwent! Disease had contracted his manly form into the debility of age: and those nerves which had appeared strung for strength and exertion, a paralytic tremor had universally seized. So completely was I shocked by the ravages of sickness, that it was impossible to conceal the emotions I endured; which the author of my exist-

ence observing, he stretched out his hand, and burst into tears.

"It is in vain, my dear Charles, (said he,) to conceal my real situation from you; though I have endeavoured to make your mother believe that my indisposition was to be cured; and had Providence thought fit to spare me a few years longer, I should have relied upon you as my family's support. As it is, heaven only knows what will become of them. The education of nine children has been attended with no small expence; and I have been obliged to pay three thousand pounds, and *upwards*, for your elder brother's extravagance and debts. One method there is, by which independence may be secured to you; or, I ought rather to say, by which affluence complete may be enjoyed; for Miss St. Ledger's guardian has informed me, that you have made a strong impression upon her heart; and she comes into the possession of three thousand pounds a year on the day of her marriage, or when she arrives at the age of twenty-one.

"I need not point out to you the enjoyments which such a fortune will procure you. At the same time I intreat you not to purchase them at the expence of your peace: yet, if you should not have any previous attachment, such an alliance is not to be despised."

The person of Miss St. Ledger might certainly be called pleasing; but I had discovered no small degree of frivolity in her mind; and she had been educated in so expensive a manner, that I had little hope of her making a *very domestic wife*. Still, as she had felt so strong a preference for me, as to permit the overture to come from her side, I flattered myself, that, in compliance with my wishes, she might be induced to sacrifice her own taste. My mother urged the necessity of this alliance in much stronger language than that which my dear father had used; and though he had endeavoured to conceal the danger

ger of his malady from her, she was completely prepared for the worst that could occur. She therefore painted, in the most forcible manner, the forlorn situation she should be reduced to when deprived of her only support; as she was persuaded, from the expences of her family, that, instead of being able to make any provision for her, he was rather involved in debt.

A wish of becoming beneficial to my family, induced me, with some reluctance, to comply with their desires; for though my heart was completely indifferent to every other female, I could not help thinking Miss St. Ledger's disposition was not calculated to make me blest. I had the happiness, however, of seeing that the bare idea of this union afforded the highest gratification to my beloved father's mind; in *me* he seemed to behold a support for his widow, and a sustaining prop on which his younger children might depend.

In about three months after the death of this excellent parent, the accomplished Harriet St. Ledger became Mrs. B——: and I must have been lost to every sense of gratitude and affection, had I not felt flattered by her proofs of tenderness and esteem. Though my heart was deeply wounded by the shock it had so recently suffered, I endeavoured to assume a gaiety of appearance very foreign to what I felt; and we passed the honey-moon at Bath, in a series of amusements, and living in an unbounded style of expence. Tired as I was of this eternal round of dissipation, yet I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin; but, at the expiration of a month, I ventured mildly to hint my wishes of returning to our country seat.

April, the herald of spring, was fast closing upon us, to make way for a month still more inviting to the eye; and the mildness of the season had been so favourable to vegetation, that the budding blossom of the hawthorn began to perfume the air. The country, however, presented no charms to the mind

of Harriet, equal to the splendour of the crouded rooms at Bath; and as I did not chuse to oppose her inclinations, we remained there until all the public amusements closed. At every stage which brought us nearer to our country residence, Harriet expressed her regret at leaving Bath; and when I endeavoured to point out the more rational enjoyments she might experience, she either hummed a tune, or burst into a laugh.

So deeply was I hurt, so severely were my feelings wounded, that I could scarcely help exclaiming, "Is this the being with whom I have engaged to pass the residue of my life; when our souls seem to be as opposite as the contending elements, and our tastes and inclinations so totally unlike?" That, in gratifying the wishes of my family, I had sacrificed my own happiness, no longer admitted of a doubt: my disposition was completely formed for domestic pleasures, whilst my wife's enjoyments all consisted in an unceasing intercourse with the world.

As the first six weeks were spent in receiving and returning visits, Mrs. B——'s mind, of course, was amused; but the moment our house was free from the bustle of company, her countenance was overspread with dissatisfaction and gloom. Large as were the sums which had been expended upon her education, even her accomplishments were of the *superficial kind.* She could speak, it is true, both French and Italian; but reading their different authors afforded her no delight. In her dress she was expensive; in her *house,* profusely prodigal. If I remonstrated against extravagance, the answer I received was, that she considered it extremely hard "She could not have the privilege of spending her *own fortune* in the manner she pleased. It was evident that I had married her merely for an establishment: she was persuaded, I neither felt towards her, *tenderness* or *regard;* otherwise, instead of wishing to diminish

minish her innocent enjoyments, to see her *happy*, would have been the first wish of my heart."

These, or something similar, were the replies which were made me, whenever I presumed to offer my advice, or pointed out the impropriety of her lavishing such immense sums upon dress. The period, however, was rapidly approaching, when new claims were to be made upon the dissipated Harriet's heart: then I flattered myself with the hope, that the endearing name of *mother* would render her less dissatisfied with *home*. For the arrival of the little stranger, Mrs. B—— made the most expensive preparations; which I rather *encouraged*, than repressed, indulging the idea, that if gratified in this instance, the lovely babe would, in all probability, be doubly caressed.

So exquisite was the joy I felt at being a father, that I conceived my dear Harriet must participate in my delight; and when I reflected upon what she must have suffered in giving birth to our little angel of a daughter, a thousand new sensations took possession of my mind. I alternately embraced the mother and the infant, and tears of extatic pleasure started into my eyes. But how shall I describe the transition of emotions at being desired by Harriet to procure *a wet-nurse?* "*A wet-nurse!*" I exclaimed in a tone of astonishment. "Surely, my dear Harriet, you will not refuse nature's gift to your child. Doctor D——, I assure you, has this moment informed me, that he will not answer for the consequence of your drying up your milk."

"Do not agitate me, Charles, (said she,) by any useless arguments; for I had pre-determined never to suckle a child: but as you appeared to me so bigotted to the practice, I did not chuse to say any thing in contradiction to it, until I knew whether it would be born alive. If I was to become a nurse, I must deprive myself of every pleasure, and at the same time hazard the loss of my shape." "Harriet, (I

replied, in a tone of gravity,) you can little know the heart of your husband, if you suppose that any alteration in your person could diminish his affection; particularly if it was produced by your fulfilling a duty which every mother owes to her child. I allow, at the same time, that you have a *right* to act as you think *proper*. The doctor informed me that you have a profusion of milk; let me then conjure you only to let the infant enjoy an animal's privilege for the space of a week; it will be the means of preventing the approach of fever, and at the same time will afford you inexpressible delight."

To this mild, but decided, declaration of my sentiments, the determined Harriet merely said, that she had formed her resolution, and it was *not* to be altered by any observations that I could suggest. Let those who have been fathers, conceive what must have been the state of my feelings: they certainly were too painful for language to describe. The nurse touched me gently on the shoulder, and summoning me to the window, said, that, by any farther altercation upon the subject, I might endanger the life of my wife. Thus compelled to yield to feminine prerogative, I went immediately in pursuit of a nurse, and had the good fortune to meet with a young woman who was every thing that the fondest father could wish. The life of my wife, however, was near being sacrificed to her anxious desire of preserving a *fine shape;* yet medical skill, united to a good constitution, in the course of five weeks, restored her to perfect health.

Instead of my little Emily proving any restraint upon her mother's pleasures, the confinement necessary upon the birth of an infant, seemed to have given her a greater relish for dissipation and expence. Whole days actually elapsed without Mrs. B—'s even going into the nursery, so completely was her time occupied in *amusements* and *dress*. As my family increased, my establishment, of course, was augmented:

augmented: my wife condescended to *pay* without *examining* the *bills*; and, from the inattention and extravagance of the woman in whose hands I had placed my happiness, I soon found that my income was by no means adequate to my expence.

Severely, Mr. Editor, did I regret having married a woman of *fortune*, particularly one whose ideas were so uncongenial to my own; yet it was impossible to feel wholly indifferent to the being who had made me the father of a lovely girl, and two no less engaging sons. Frequently had I remonstrated against the extravagance of her conduct, which had compelled me to mortgage the estate for six thousand pounds; and finding she would not take the trouble of investigating into the concerns of our family, I reluctantly resolved to take the office upon myself. The impositions I discovered could scarcely be credited. No longer was I astonished at our being involved in debt; for, instead of my wife's having examined the weekly accounts of our tradesmen, she paid them without looking over a single bill. When I condemned this impropriety of conduct, the reply I received was, "*She would never be a clerk:* it was her housekeeper's business to see we were not cheated, and that she would rather lose two guineas a week, than examine the accounts."

The half of Mrs. B—'s fortune had been settled upon her at our marriage, and the other half I vested in the hands of trustees for my children, never intending that my establishment should exceed the amount of my rents. The extravagance of my wife, however, had overturned my prudent projects. I could not support the idea of being in debt: the consequence of this was, that my estate was mortgaged for upwards of six thousand pounds. To pay off this sum, I considered as a duty I owed my children: I therefore proposed residing in Germany for three or four years. To this proposal Mrs. B— at first strongly objected;

objected; but at length, with some reluctance, she complied with it.

I advertised my house and furniture to be let for the space of three or four years. A variety of applications were immediately made; and, after arranging all my affairs in the most satisfactory manner, we set off in a travelling coach, with a man and three maids. Frankfort was the spot which I had pitched upon for my residence; as several English families of my acquaintance had made it their place of abode. In the next house to us resided a Polish family; and I soon had the mortification of observing that Harriet was particularly pleased with the attentions of their son. Of all the men I had been acquainted with, Count Polinski was the least calculated to inspire jealousy. The figure of the immortal Pope was not a greater antidote to love; and those who beheld him, might have said, with the sprightly Lady Mary Wortley Montague,

> But how shouldst thou by Beauty's form be mov'd?
> No more for *loving made*, than to be *lov'd*.
> It was the equity of righteous Heaven
> That such a *soul* to such a *form* was given!
> When God created *thee*, one would believe,
> He said the same, as to the *snake* of *Eve*;
> "To human race, *antipathy* declare;
> "'Twixt *them* and *thee* be everlasting war."

Though the person of the Count was at once imperfect and insignificant, yet, by obsequious attentions to my wife, I soon perceived he had obtained her good opinion; though I did not suffer myself to believe it possible that he could supplant me in her heart.

Vanity was a failing that I despised in a female; but in my own sex I considered it as an imperfection not to be borne; yet, when I drew a comparison between myself and Count Polinski, it was impossible for me to entertain any fears. In those attentions which every wife has a right to claim from her hus-

band, I had never been deficient, in the most trivial affairs; for, feeling that I owed my independence to her, I knew she was entitled to *civility*, though she had lost my esteem.

It has been remarked, that *jealousy* is the concomitant of *affection;* and as I certainly felt but a small portion of that sentiment, it was some time before my fears were roused. In short, had I not accidentally seen a letter directed to my rival, Heaven only knows how long he might have carried on an intrigue. The opening a letter I had always considered as so dishonourable an action, that I could not even bear the idea of breaking the seal of one of my wife's; I therefore took up the packet, which had excited a sentiment far different from curiosity, and hastening to her apartment, entreated her to read me its contents.

"I knew not, (said I,) Harriet, that you and Count Polinski corresponded; and I am persuaded you value your own honour too much, to have made use of an expression in this letter which would call a blush upon your cheeks; yet, as I was a stranger to this intercourse having been kept up between you, I intreat you to read it to me, if you value my peace."

"And pray, Sir, what right have you to doubt the *propriety* of my *conduct?*" inquired Harriet, with an embarrassment she in vain endeavoured to conceal. "Do I ever inquire into the nature of *your various correspondence?* or have you ever treated me with that *confidence* which is *due* to a *wife?* The letter which has called forth suspicions so *injurious* to my *honour*, (for suspicious you certainly are, though you would wish to blind my eyes,) merely contains a copy of verses I promised to write for Count Polinski; but as you have thought proper to doubt the rectitude of my actions, I am resolved not to break the seal." So saying, she endeavoured to thrust the letter into her pocket; but snatching it out of her hand, I prevented the

the design; and, rendered desperate by the sarcastic tone in which she had addressed me, I tore open the letter, which contained indubitable proofs of my disgrace.

The scene which followed, would afford but little entertainment to my readers; it was such a one as their imagination may easily conceive. I readily relinquished fifteen hundred a-year to her, and a formal separation soon afterwards took place. To the Count, as I suspected, she openly flew for protection. My children now alone afforded me delight: their mother had never displayed any natural affection for them; but I resolved to prevent them from feeling the loss they had sustained.

By a strict adherence to economy, in the course of five years I was relieved from embarrassment. My happiness now consists in the cultivation of my childrens' minds; yet, formed, as my disposition is, for conjugal felicity, how bitterly, Mr. Editor, do I regret the conduct of my wife! That many young men have entered into a conjugal engagement, without feeling their affections warmly interested, is a truth which daily experience proves; but I hope that my story may act as a beacon to caution those who are entering upon the theatre of life, from marrying a woman merely in compliance with the wishes of their friends; as happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a similarity of disposition and taste. I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

CHARLES B———.

Belmont Grove,
June 10, 1804.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE,

Addressed to a Lady attached to a Person very much her Inferior.

MARRIAGE determines, in this world, the happiness or misery of those who engage in it. There is no medium in this connection. Affection, sanctioned by reason, gives the one: passion, blinding, perverting passion, will, most assuredly, cause the other.

The question, therefore, which should be applied to the heart of any woman whose thoughts address themselves to the nuptial state, are these: Is the object virtuous? Is he suitable? If he is not virtuous, there is an end of all reasonable hopes of happiness. As to suitableness, consult your understanding in the following manner. Is his temper and turn of mind, in any degree, similar to my own? Has his education been such as to qualify him to be a pleasing companion to me? Or, if not, can I so far forget my education, as to descend to a level with him, that he may be so?

Is his fortune sufficient to support me as I could wish? Or is his profession and industry equal to the maintenance of a family? Or will it be necessary for a wife to assist him in it; and, if so, am I qualified, and willing to do it?

If you can answer these questions, with an unprejudiced and deliberate affirmative, you may marry the person who is the object of your preference, with every reasonable expectation of being happy.

A perfect similitude of disposition is not to be found, nor is it necessary; but some degree of it, nay, a considerable degree of it, in leading principles, is essential to married happiness. A woman of polished education will find it very difficult, indeed, to be happy with a husband who has received little or no education at all.

A great

A great fortune is by no means necessary to happiness; but the means of support are absolutely requisite.

Suitableness in temper, education, and the means of living, are solid foundations of happiness: but the high-flown romantic fancies, the unrestrained liberty, the love of sway, &c. &c. which are so commonly made the chief objects of matrimonial engagements, will prove vain and empty illusions.

An illiterate man, however virtuous, cannot be suitable to you. A man without education and refined sentiment, may love you, I will confess; but not in a manner that is agreeable to you; for, as he will not be able to comprehend the extent of your excellence, he cannot love you as you merit to be loved. Tenderness may be his; but not that tenderness which "sighs and looks unutterable things."

If you possess sentiments different from these, you must be under the influence of a passion which will be fatal to you. The heart is never so deceitful to itself, as when it is warmed with the tender passion, nor ever so inattentive to the cool admonitions of friendship. But, remember, that marriage, like death, excludes all possibility of benefiting by experience. In this case, experience ceases to be a director. The scourge is in his hand, and it may become a severe executioner. A. D.

ANECDOTE OF PERICLES.

THIS great man was never known to give way to anger, let the provocation be what it would. He was once for a whole day loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. Pericles bore it with patience and silence, continued in public for the dispatch of some urgent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly home, the wretch following and insulting him all the way. When he came to his own door, it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of his servants to take a torch, and light the man home. A.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLER;

OR,

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

WITH a wardrobe somewhat inferior to the Sentimental Traveller of immortal memory, I set out upon *my travels* some few years ago, though not actuated by the motive of discovering whether the praise of "*ordering things better*" was due to the people of France.

Years, however, have elapsed since this tribute of applause was bestowed upon the Gallicans. The order of their *government* since that period has undergone a most fatal change. Oppressive tyranny has not only destroyed their *constitution*, but subverted the manly dignity of their minds. As every schoolboy must know that *disorder* has supplanted *regularity*, my readers will imagine it was not my intention to bend my footsteps to their unhappy shores, where the aspiring wretch, who pretended to level all distinctions, exerts over a deluded people, a *more* than *kingly power*.

To what part of the globe, then, it may be enquired, were my travels to be directed, if I wished to avoid the spot where ambitious tyranny cannot reach; where the smiles of Freedom brighten every countenance, and where the mind was never goaded by Oppression's iron chain? As such a spot is still to be found in the creation, and from it I had the happiness of deriving my birth, I formed the resolution of travelling over it the moment I was able to gratify my own desires.

Peace to the memory of an affectionate father, who, disgusted with the war, retired to a small estate, and divided his time between my education, and the cultivation of a few acres of land. His disappointments had been many: his sensibility was exquisite; and he wished to prevent me from expe-

riencing a similarity of mortifications, by painting mankind in the most disgusting point of view: but when I compared his opinions with those of the different authors I met with, they only made me the more anxious to become acquainted with the world. As a child, I seemed to possess an activity of disposition: nature had endowed me with an enquiring turn of mind; but we are all of us so completely the creatures of habit, that I became reconciled to an *easy* (I will not say *indolent) life.*

Philosophy, history, mathematics, and physic, by turns, afforded me entertainment, and occupied my time; and as I was particularly attached to the study of the former, my father indulged my wish of making experiments at an expence he could ill afford. At the death of this most amiable of parents, I found my little inheritance rather embarrassed; yet I was determined to indulge the desire I had long cherished of becoming acquainted with the world: for, though three-and-twenty suns had taken their annual course since the period of my existence, I had never been twenty miles distant from home.

Though my father entertained a high sense of moral rectitude, yet, from a desire of gratifying my inclinations, he had contracted some small debts, which I was resolved to discharge immediately, by letting my patrimonial property for the space of three years. Behold me then, gentle reader, just setting out upon those travels, from the relation of which, I flatter myself, some entertainment may be derived. Not that I meant to vie with the celebrated British Tourist *Doctor Mavor;* for it is my intention to describe *characters* rather than gentlemen's seats, unless they are such as call forth particular attention; or are rendered interesting by their *present* or *former possessor* having achieved any glorious exploit.

As my father's establishment had merely consisted of two domestics, I thought little difficulty would occur in procuring each a place: for I was not aware that

that attachment and fidelity could have been carried to so great an excess. Gregory, who had filled the joint capacity of *valet, footman,* and *gardener,* had lived with his master nine-and-twenty years: he had beheld him basking in the sunshine of prosperity, and seen his feelings deeply wounded by the ingratitude of mankind. The moment this faithful creature heard it was my intention to travel, he protested he would follow me to the farthest part of the globe; and, upon my assuring him that I preferred going unattended, his countenance expressed a mixture of mortification and surprise, "Little, Sir, (said he,) did I think to have lived to see my services rejected by the child I have so often dandled in these arms! But, use me as you will, I am determined to follow you: and as to *wages,* from this *day,* I will never receive a single crown."

The slight embarrassment under which I laboured, the tongue of rancour had magnified into *abject poverty,* which was the cause of this liberal-minded fellow's declaring, that he never would receive a shilling of pay. Hear this, ye idolizers of *rank* and *riches,* hear it, and blush at the abject meanness of your minds!

As the friend who had taken my house, offered to receive Gregory into his service, I determined to commence my journey without apprising him of the time; and, instead of packing up half a dozen shirts, and a pair of black silk breeches in my portmanteau, with merely a couple of the former in my pocket, I began my route. As I had not formed any regular method of travelling, and resolved to avoid every species of expence, I did not chuse to be encumbered with luggage, and therefore left my wardrobe under the care of my friend.

On the ides of March, then, I began my *peregrinations.* I have a Johnsonian fondness for hard-sounding words: though, I believe, that is misapplied; for my readers have been already informed

by me, that I did not mean to travel into *foreign lands*. As no affectionate wife forewarned me of approaching dangers, and no presaging evil had depressed my mind in dreams, I sat out upon my intended tour with spirits light as the floating gossamer, on the day that had proved fatal to the conqueror of the world. The metropolis of England was the first place which I resolved to visit; for I considered it as the focus of all pleasure, and a region of delight; yet, eager as I was to breathe its enlivening atmosphere, I did not chuse to take a place in a regular stage. Within two miles of my native spot, several conveyances passed daily. It was about six o'clock in the morning when I sallied out, and scarcely had I reached the road which led to London, when I espied the Lincoln long coach.

The extended whip was a signal to inform me, that I was at liberty to ride. One seat, however, only happened to be vacant: but I was greeted by my fellow-travellers with Cordiality's welcome smile. The company consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen, who appeared to me to be assembled together for the purpose of *pleasing*, and being *pleased*; and so lively were the jokes, and sallies of wit, which passed between them, that I could scarcely think it possible the whole party had been travelling all night.

Confidence naturally inspires communication. Each of my companions spoke of their separate concerns with an ingenuousness that I admired; yet I could not help feeling some degree of astonishment that persons of so much *consequence* should travel in a stage. The younger of the two ladies I found was going to pay a visit to Lady Larkington. Her brother, who escorted her, was a captain of dragoons. They travelled in a stage merely for a *frolic;* and her Ladyship's carriage was to meet them on the road. The other female acknowledged herself to be the widow of a doctor of divinity. One of the gentlemen

was

was a barrister; and his companion, the *Minister's most intimate friend.*

Various were the anecdotes which they related for my amusement. Eight o'clock arrived; and I scarcely thought five minutes had elapsed, when we stopped at Huntingdon, for the purpose of taking breakfast, where it was my intention to have spent two or three days. I mentioned this design to my fellow-travellers, who all, except the *younger* lady, expressed their concern; and invited me in such strong terms to pursue my journey with them, that I really had not resolution enough to refuse. The moment this lovely girl, who was beauteous as an Hebe, heard me yield to the solicitations which were made, a smile of satisfaction illuminated her expressive countenance, which, from some *indefinable cause,* gave me a pleasure it would be difficult to describe.

To the enjoyments which are to be derived from the society of females I was little accustomed; for my father's habits of life almost precluded me from the sight of the fair; and my mind was so entirely occupied by different studies, that I scarcely was sensible of the loss which I sustained. A new train of ideas seemed suddenly to burst upon me; my heart palpitated with pleasure; my spirits were light as air; and I congratulated myself upon the resolution I had taken, of making my own observations upon the manners of the world.

The confidence which had been reposed in me, demanded equal candour on my side: I therefore ingenuously answered all the questions which the captain put to me: though I could not help thinking there was a degree of freedom in the inquiries, yet I attributed the idea to *my ignorance* of the world. The Minister's particular friend offered to procure lodgings for me. Captain Middleton intreated they might be in a fashionable part of the town: but I informed him, I could not pay a high price for them,

as, in the course of a twelvemonth, I only intended to spend two hundred pounds.

"You will have *two thousand* a year to spend soon, or I am much mistaken," said the facetious barrister, directing an arch look towards Miss Middleton at the same time. "*I* would have *that*, or *more*, did I possess such advantages of person; for, without compliment, I may tell you, that I never saw a handsomer fellow in my life." I was so extremely confused by this fulsome species of flattery, that I actually was not able to make any reply. I knew not whether to consider it as an insult, or a compliment, so completely was I ignorant of the manners of the world. Whilst hesitating how to act, a sudden jerk was given to the carriage. I had previously observed, that the coachman had been driving against another stage, and, in attempting to pull in his horses, unfortunately he had broken the reins. The animals, finding themselves freed from all restriction, bounded forward with a velocity it would be difficult to describe. Bursting open the door, I sprang out of the vehicle, in the hope of being able to arrest their speed. I alighted unhurt, and flew after the carriage, trembling for the fate of my fair friend, as I beheld a broad-wheeled waggon approaching, which I thought it impossible the impetuous animals could avoid. My fears upon the occasion proved prophetic: the coachman was thrown near ten yards from his seat; and had I not providentially caught the head of one of the fore horses, it is difficult to say how far they might have dragged the stage. The humane waggoner flew to my assistance: some countrymen happened to be passing at the same time; and, by our united exertions, we raised the broken carriage upon its wheels. The object of my solicitude was but slightly injured, from having sat on the upper side; but the whole body of law having fallen upon the relict of divinity, her head was cut, and her

her face most terribly bruised. The lady seemed to have derived but little advantage from the precepts of her spiritual partner, as *patience* under *affliction* was a virtue she certainly did not possess; and never was astonishment equal to mine, at hearing her accost the supporter of our property in the following words:—"Ad rat ye, Jack Jenkinson, heave up your heavy carcase. I believe I have not a whole bone in my skin. And as to that rascal of a coachman, I hope to God he has broke his neck."

I had just assisted Miss Middleton out of the carriage, and was supporting her trembling frame in my arms, when these elegant expressions reached our astonished ears. "Merciful Powers! (exclaimed she,) can that be the voice of Mrs. Benson? How have I been imposed upon, and deceived? Yet it serves me right; it is what I ought to have expected, for my folly in chusing to travel in a stage." I was so completely disgusted at what I had heard, that every benevolent feeling vanished from my mind; and leaving her to the care of my fellow-travellers, I conducted the alarmed fair one to a neighbouring inn.

The battered Mrs. Benson very soon joined us, accompanied by the two beaux; and I could not help thinking it rather extraordinary, that Captain Middleton should not have testified more concern for his sister's health. It is true, she had merely received a few slight bruises from the accident; but she had been alarmed in an eminent degree; yet he seemed to feel no more for her situation, than if she had been a stranger whom he had never before seen. The mistress of the inn recommended some arquebusade water, which Mrs. Benson took *internally;* and, applying to her face a piece of sticking-plaister, stopped the bleeding of the wounds upon her *cranium,* which fortunately were not very deep. The coachman's accident, however, was of a much more serious nature, for the poor fellow had broken two of his ribs; and

the vehicle was so completely damaged, that it was impossible for us to proceed that day. A dinner was therefore ordered; good humor was restored amongst us; and the bottle was pushed merrily round. By a variety of pleasant anecdotes, Mrs. Benson seemed anxious to banish from our memories, the recollection of the vulgar exclamation she had made use of upon the overturning of the stage; and her manners appeared to me so completely those of a gentlewoman, that I began to imagine my ears must have been deceived. Still, however, I observed, that Miss Middleton no longer accosted her with *familiarity*, which gave me a high idea of the *delicacy* of *her mind*; yet I had heard that persons in high life were sometimes not over nice in their expressions; and again I felt the disadvantage of not knowing the world.

Whilst tea was getting ready, I strolled into the garden, and was soon joined by the Minister's friend, who, tapping me on the shoulder with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, said, "Franklin, my hearty fellow, I wish you joy." "Joy! of what?" I inquired, in no very soft accent, displeased at the familiarity he had used. "Of a *conquest* (he replied) over the *heart* of *Fanny Middleton*, who, to my certain knowledge, will have near two thousand a-year. I would give ten thousand, by G—, for the same chance that you have. Why, man, did you never study the language of the eyes? You seem not to understand all the tender things she says to you. I never saw a fellow half so stupid, I swear, in my whole life. Fortune, from your own account, has not been very *bountiful*; but *Nature* has been liberal to an excess. London will soon polish off that air of rusticity; and, I am persuaded, you may marry a woman of the highest rank. Fanny Middleton, by the bye, is extremely well connected; and a bird in the *hand* is worth two in a bush: therefore I advise you, as a friend, to avail yourself of my intelligence; for

for I perceive that the sweet girl is over head and ears in love."

As my companions had been so communicative to me, in return, I candidly informed them of the real state of my affairs; and told them, that, in consequence of some little embarrassments, I was resolved to confine my expences to two hundred a-year; that a girl, with a fortune so affluent as that of Miss Middleton's, should fall in love with a man merely from meeting him in a public stage, was a circumstance which I could not easily give credit to, although I had not been insensible to the tender glances of her eyes. So little had I been accustomed to associate with females, that *marriage* had never even entered my head; but the remarks of my fellow-traveller raised a new train of ideas, and I began to fancy, that it was only in a conjugal engagement that a man could be completely blessed.

I returned to the party, and seated myself by Miss Middleton. My confidential friend turned the conversation upon the happiness of the marriage state; and calling upon the ladies to give their opinion upon the subject, I was delighted with the remarks which the lovely girl made. "Though marriage (she said) was an engagement ordained by the Divinity, yet its original design was perverted by the depravity of mankind; a fondness for riches and honours, had supplanted the growth of tenderness and affection; and unions were frequently formed between virtue and vice. For her part, she had once resolved to live a life of celibacy, from despairing of meeting with a man who possessed a truly delicate mind; but since that time, she had certainly seen *one*, whom she thought formed to make her happy." Then endeavouring to suppress a sigh which laboured in her bosom, on *me* she turned her soft expressive eyes.

Stupidity itself must have comprehended her meaning: every vital drop seemed to rush into my cheeks: I involuntarily returned the tender glance that

that had been bestowed upon me; but utterance was denied when I attempted to speak. Casting my eyes towards Captain Middleton, I perceived risibility almost convulsing every feature of his face; and he actually was obliged to quit the apartment, to prevent himself from increasing my confusion by a laugh. This mode of conduct it was impossible for me to account for: I had in two or three instances, thought him ill-bred; at least he certainly deviated from the rules of politeness which Lord Chesterfield had laid down.

Tea being ended, a walk was proposed by the ladies, as the moon shone peculiarly bright: to this the gentlemen objected, expressing a wish to play at cards: but as I was resolved to gratify the females, the whole party sallied out. My proffered arm was readily accepted. I endeavoured to enter into conversation, without being able to succeed; so entirely new were my sensations, that I could not help ascribing them to the power of love. My companion seemed to experience emotions somewhat similar, by the half-drawn sighs which she endeavoured to repress. A violent shouting was soon heard, when the terrified fair one threw herself for safety into my arms! With vows of protection, and assurances of safety, I soon assuaged the fears which had compelled her to over-step Propriety's bounds; and in the confusion of ideas which a concatenation of circumstances had occasioned, talked to her of truth, *constancy*, and *love*.

Fortunately, however, we were soon joined by our fellow-travellers, or I know not to what length my unguarded tongue might have strayed; and I then discovered that the shouting which had alarmed my timid companion, had been made as a signal for us to return; but my attention had been too much occupied with Miss Middleton, to observe that Mrs. Benson and the gentlemen had turned into another walk.

As

As it was impossible for the coach to proceed, the driver had sent a messenger to London, to inform the proprietor of the disaster which had occurred; we therefore determined to travel in post chaises, to prevent such an accident befalling us again. Some of the party proposed retiring early, for the purpose of pursuing our journey at break of day; but the proposal was over-ruled by the majority, who voted spending a *joyous evening*, and playing a friendly game at cards.

Cards was the only amusement in which my father indulged himself. The Vicar of the parish, and the Lord of the manor's Steward, used frequently to form a party at whist; so that though, in many instances, I had felt my own *inferiority*, at the *card-table*, I thought myself capable of displaying *superior* skill. Half-crown points was a stake I had never ventured; yet I did not chuse to object to any sum the party named. Miss Middleton did not seem partial to the amusement; but, at the request of her brother, consented to play. Jenkinson and myself, of course, were partners; Middleton and him betted half-guineas on the trick; and, at the close of the first rubber, he was a winner of five pounds. Jenkinson rallied me for not having offered the same bet to the lady, which I immediately did, without supposing it would have been accepted; but once more I evinced an ignorance of the world. Again Fortune proved propitious to my wishes. Miss Middleton declared herself fatigued, and drawing her purse, without shewing its contents to me, enquired whether I could change her a twenty pound note.

As Mrs. Benson professed a dislike to card-playing, the Minister's friend took Miss M—'s place; and though I thought it was not very polite to the ladies, yet, having been the winner, I could not refuse to continue the game. Though we had not drank any great quantity of wine at dinner, yet Middleton called for three or four bottles during the time we were at cards;

cards; and as I had never been accustomed to drink any quantity, I soon found the spirit mounting into my head. The success I had met with, soon made me sanguine; all precaution vanished; and a kind of phrenzy seized my mind, from which I was only aroused, by hearing Middleton demand the payment of *thirty pounds!*

The folly I had been guilty of then struck me forcibly. I cursed the ill stars which had directed me to the *Lincoln Stage*; but recollecting that I had lost my money to the lovely Fanny's brother, I endeavoured to suppress my chagrin, and paid the demand. The next morning we set off for the metropolis in two post chaises. As the vehicle we had before travelled in, was too much injured to be easily repaired, we began our journey early, at the request of Miss Middleton; who was fearful her friend, Lady *Larkington*, would be terrified at her not having met the carriage at the spot that had been agreed.

Two motives had induced me to visit the metropolis previous to my commencing the intended tour: the first was, to see all the different amusements which it afforded; and the second, to introduce myself to an uncle and aunt. With these near relatives, my father had long been at variance, in consequence of some money concerns; but my mother, upon her death-bed, had requested, whenever I was master of my own actions, that I would endeavour to find them out. Though I was a mere boy when I lost this attached parent, yet her very wishes had been with me a law; and I frequently tried to persuade my father to be reconciled to those to whom I was so nearly allied. Though his disposition was truly amiable, his antipathies were insurmountable; and no two men could have been more opposite than my mother's *brother* and *himself*. The former had been left as trustee to his sister's property, but had unjustly kept a part of it in his own hands. Not having any children, he had declared his resolution of leaving

leaving his fortune to *me*; but my father would not suffer me to cultivate his friendship and regard; yet, whilst my mother was alive, some kind of intercourse was kept up between them, which entirely terminated with her death.

My fellow-travellers pressed me much to pass the evening at the Gloucester Coffee House with them: but the friend who had taken my house and furniture, recommended me to an inn, with the master of which, he was personally acquainted, and knew him to be a very honest man. The lovely Miss Middleton informed me, that Lady Larkington was so particular that she dare not take the liberty of inviting me to her house; but she had a friend, of the name of Orme, who resided in Charles-street, Covent-Garden, where she could have the pleasure of seeing me whenever I chose to call: "For (said the sweet girl, whilst her countenance was suffused with crimson,) I should feel much concern, Mr. Franklin, if our acquaintance was to end here."

The reply I made to this interesting speech may easily be anticipated; it was such as every man of gallantry and sensibility must have made; for the looks of the fair speaker were far more impressive than language, and forced an instantaneous passage to my heart. We were left together about ten minutes, whilst the horses were changing. I seized the favourable opportunity of describing the sentiments she had inspired; whilst the dear girl, with an ingenuous candour, which delighted me, acknowledged what she termed the *weakness* of her *heart*. She promised to be at Mrs Orme's on the following evening, where I was invited to take my tea; but she requested me not to mention this engagement to her brother, who wished her to accompany him and Lady Larkington to the play.

Of London I formed so exalted an idea, that, upon entering it, I cannot describe the disappointment I felt. As we drove through Whitechapel, I fancied myself in a butcher's market; and the

atmosphere I breathed, appeared to me a perfect stench. My companions were highly entertained with my observations; but as we proceeded, my mortification seemed gradually to subside: the crowds of carriages and people struck me with an astonishment which it would be impossible for the power of language to describe. As I had resolved to pitch my tent at the inn which had been recommended to me, which was the White Horse in Fetter-lane, my companions set me down at the corner, when the postillion was ordered to drive immediately to Lady Larkington's in Park-lane.

(To be continued.)

ON VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, of whatever description it may be, cannot be the produce of good example; for virtuous examples are very rarely seen in the world; but arises from a conviction, which silent reflection inspires, that goodness is superior to every other possession, and alone constitutes the true happiness of life.

The opportunity of doing public good, of performing actions of extensive utility, or universal benevolence, is confined to a few characters. But, how many private virtues are there which every man has it in his power to perform, without quitting his chamber! He who can contentedly employ himself at home, may continue there the whole year, and yet, in every day of that year, may contribute to the felicity of other men: he may listen to their complaints, relieve their distresses, render services to those about him, and extend his benevolence in various ways, without being seen by the world, or known by those on whom his favours are conferred.

It is the peculiar effect of virtue, to make a man's chief happiness arise from himself, and his own conduct.

duct. A bad man is wholly the creature of the world: He hangs upon its favours; lives by its smiles; and is happy, or miserable, in proportion to his success. But to a virtuous man, success in worldly matters is but a secondary object. To discharge his own part with integrity and honour, is his chief aim; having done properly what was incumbent on him to do, his mind is at rest, and he leaves the event to Providence. *His Witness is in heaven, and his record is on high.* Satisfied with the approbation of God, and the testimony of a good conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the triumphs of guilt. In proportion as such manly principles rule his heart, he becomes independent of the world, and will forbear complaining of its discouragements.

It is only by employing with propriety the hours of a happy leisure, that we acquire a sufficient degree of firmness to direct our thoughts, and guide our actions, to their proper objects. It is then only that we can quietly reflect on the transactions of life, upon the temptations to which we are most exposed, upon those weaker sides of the heart which we ought to guard with the most unceasing care, and previously arm ourselves against whatever is dangerous in our commerce with mankind. Perhaps, though virtue may appear, at first sight, to contract the bounds of enjoyment, we shall find, upon reflection, that, in truth, it enlarges them: if it restrain the excess of some pleasures, it favours and increases others; it precludes us from none, but such as are fantastic and imaginary, or pernicious and destructive. The rich proprietary loves to amuse himself in a contemplation of his wealth; the voluptuary, in his entertainments; the man of the world, with his friends and his assemblies; but the truly good man finds his pleasures in the scrupulous discharge of the august duties of life. He sees a new sun shining before him; thinks himself surrounded by a more pure and lively splendour; every object is embellished; and he gaily pursues his career. A. Z.

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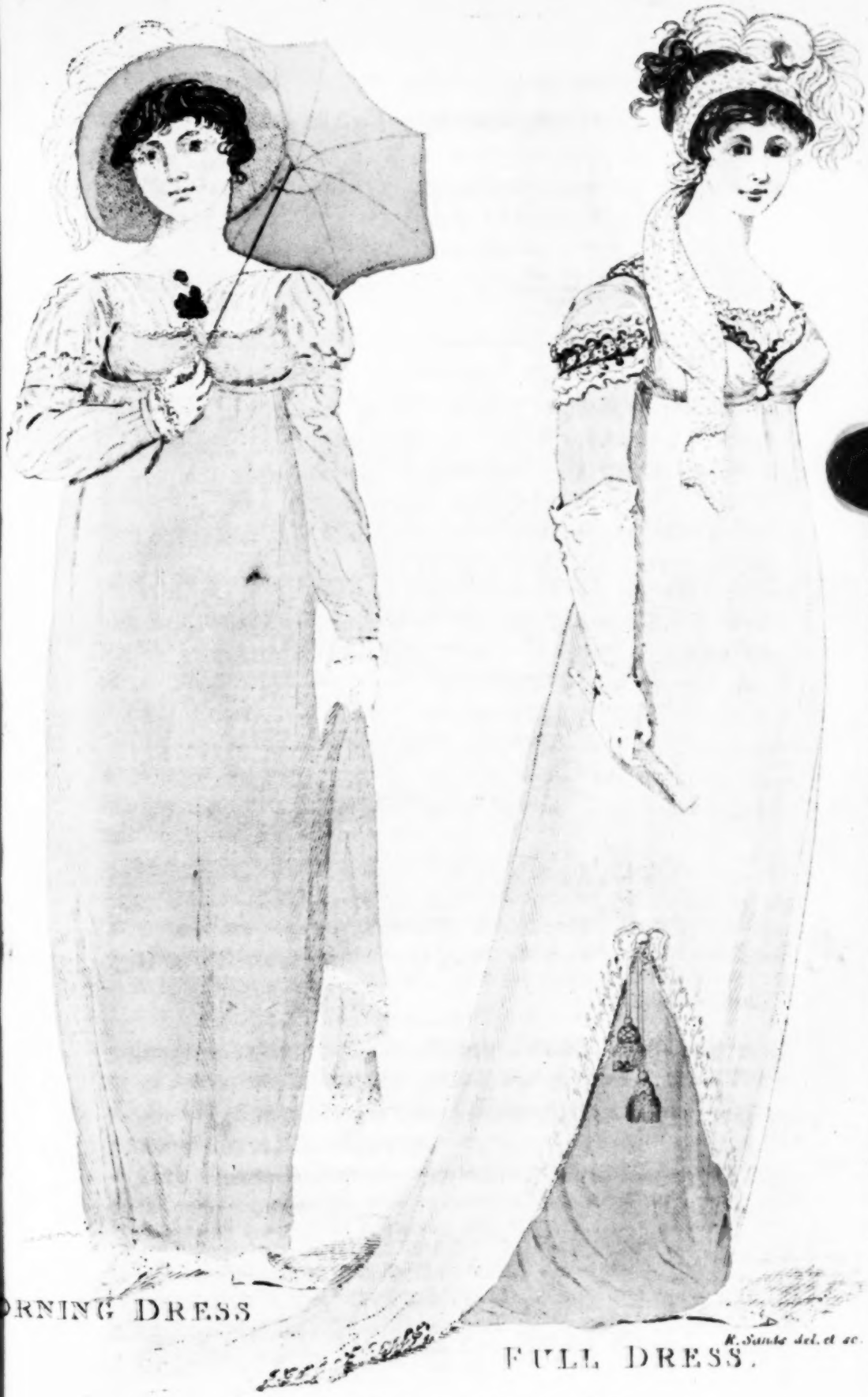

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Imperial Review.

An Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa: in which is conſidered, the Importance of the Cape of Good Hope to the different European Powers, as a Naval and Military Station, as a Point of Security to our Indian Trade and Settlements during a War, and as a Territorial Acquiſition and Commercial Emporium in Time of Peace; with a ſtatiſtical Sketch of the whole Colony, compiled from authentic Documents. By John Barrow, Eſq. Vol. II. illuſtrated with ſeveral Engravings. pp. 452. *Price* 1*l.* 15*s.*

No perſon can attentively peruſe this work, without ſeeing reaſon to applaud the zeal of the author for what he conſiders to be intimately connected with the real intereſts of his country. To him, the poſſeſſion of the Cape of Good Hope appeared of indefinite importance to our Eaſt India commerce: he therefore fondly hoped that no conſideration would have induced the Miniſters to ſurrender it into the hands of an enemy. Diſappointed in his expectations, he ſeems determined to appeal to the public, to exhibit all the advantages which might be derived from the poſſeſſion of the Cape, and to ſhew the miſchiefs that muſt happen if it be retained by a power inimical to the Britiſh intereſts. To rouſe the attention of his countrymen in general, to awaken the feelings of the Eaſt India Company in particular, Mr. B. undertook to write this volume, which we are told he executed in a very ſhort period. He felt that no time was to be loſt; that the events of another war might put the Cape again into our poſſeſſion; that the reception which his former literary labours had met with, would ſecure to his opinions proper conſideration; and that his knowledge, derived from obſervation and experience, might more than balance mere ſpeculative theories: he embarked, therefore, in the diſpute with ardour: he has warmly defended the poſitions for which he is an advocate; and if, in ſome inſtances, he ſeems to have treated the ſentiments of his opponents, and the conduct of the Eaſt India Company, with a degree of diſreſpect approaching to contempt, it will be readily imputed to the warmth of feelings which has been excited by the magnitude and importance of the object which he undertook to recommend.

Imperial Review.

A Family Tour through the British Empire; containing ſome Account of its Manufactures, Natural and Artificial Curioſities, Hiſtory, and Antiquities. Interſperſed

spersed with biographical Anecdotes. Particularly adapted to the Amusement and Instruction of Youth. By Priscilla Wakefield. 1 *Vol.* 12*mo, pp.* 450.

We have read with great pleaſure the preſent production, and conſider it as being unequivocally calculated to amuſe and inſtruct the minds of youth. The redaction is neat, and the ſelection of events and things do great credit to the diſcernment and taſte of Mrs. Wakefield. *Univerſal Magazine.*

It is deſigned to convey a general idea to the minds of children, of the variety of ſurface, produce, manufactures, and principal places of the Britiſh Empire; connected with its geography, and the addition of hiſtorical and biographical anecdotes. The ſketch having the air of a real tour, impreſſes itſelf more firmly on the memory than a dry detail was calculated to effect; and the ſeveral particulars deſcribed, will be leſs liable to be loſt by the preſent mode of inſtruction, than in a mere unintereſting catalogue.
European Magazine.

The Sea Side Hero. A Drama, in three Acts. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Stranger in France.

We have read this drama with pleaſure. The language is, in general, good; the ſituations are not eſſentially deficient in intereſt; and the cataſtrophe is well arranged. The ſcene is the ſea ſide on the Suſſex coaſt; and the plot is directly founded upon the long-expected viſit of Napoleon Buonaparte. The ſentiments are very patriotic. *Univerſal Magazine.*

A Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England, and great Part of the Highlands of Scotland; including Remarks on English and Scottish Landscape, and General Observations on the State of Society and Manners. Embellished with Sixteen Engravings, by Messrs. Medland, Pouncy, Landseer, Peltro, &c. from Paintings made on Purpose by Mr. Garrard. By Colonel T. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire. 4*to. pp.* 312.

Colonel Thornton has long been renowned in the Sporting Annals of this country, for his ſkill in the amuſements of hawking, hunting, and fiſhing. From ſuch an adept, ſetting forth on a tour of ſeveral hundred miles for the expreſs purpoſe of indulging his favourite propenſity, and enabled by his fortune to enjoy that indulgence with the moſt ample means, the public may expect much information and entertainment; and in this expectation, we think, they will not be diſappointed.

The

The ſportſman will find abundant gratification in this volume, which will alſo afford pleaſure to the mere touriſt, the artiſt, and the antiquary; who muſt, however, be prepared to excuſe a pretty conſiderable portion of egotiſm.

The engravings that illuſtrate this Work are in the beſt ſtile of the artiſts who are named in the title-page; and, beſides an alphabetical index, a very copious analytical table of contents is given, which will be found of great utility. *EuropeanMagazine*

Nugæ Antiquæ, Being a Miscellaneous Collection of original Papers, in Prose and Verse, written during the Reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James. By Sir John Harington, Knight. Selected from authentic Remains, by the late Henry Harington, A. M and newly arranged, with illustrative Notes, by Thomas Park, F. A. S. 8*vo.* 2 *Vols.* 1*l.* 1*s.*

The "Nugæ Antiquæ" were ſelected and publiſhed by Mr. Henry Harington, from a collection of MSS. which deſcended, from his literary anceſtor, to the preſent ingenuous and well-known Dr. Harington, of Bath. The ſhrewdneſs of their remarks, their real good ſenſe and humour, and the curious illuſtrations they afford, of the cuſtoms and manners of the times in which they were written, have long rendered them intereſting to the lovers of antiquity, and to the public in general.

The real merit of theſe intereſting trifles, and the additional value conferred upon them by the reſearches of ſo diſtinguiſhed an antiquary as Mr. Park, *muſt* be ſufficiently obvious to render any comment of ours ſuperfluous. We have merely to add, that the "Nugæ" are printed with uncommon elegance, and that nothing has been omitted which could render them worthy of public patronage. The words throughout the volumes are reſtored to their old orthography; and the pieces which compoſe them arranged in chronological order. The "State of the Church," which is curious for its biographical and hiſtorical notices, has been amplified and reviſed, from collation with an original MS. copy in the Britiſh Muſeum, apparently preſented by its author to Prince Henry, in 1607, which has enabled the preſent editor to ſupply many defects, and correct many hallucinations, in Mr. Harington's reprint of Dr. Chetwynd's faulty text. The ſketch of Sir John's life (which, with neceſſary curtailments, we have already preſented to our readers) has received conſiderable additions. Notes of perſonal and political illuſtration are interſperſed throughout; and the additional pieces, collected, with indefatigable induſtry, from a variety of authentic ſources, are by no means to be conſidered as the leaſt curious or important. *Monthly Mirror.*

The

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1803. *Being an impartial Selection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux D'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers, and other Publications. With explanatory Notes, and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vol.* 7. *pp.* 395.

In the preſent volume, many of the ſerious compoſitions do honour to the Britiſh Preſs; and ſeveral of the lighter productions, for wit and whimſicality, are unrivalled. The ſelection is made with taſte and judgment, and very few articles will be found in it that do not poſſeſs some claims to preſervation.

Monthly Mirror.

Public Characters for 1803—1804. 8*vo. pp.* 567.

Of this curious and valuable production, which has enjoyed an uninterrupted career of popular favour, the ſixth volume is now preſented to the public. The lives it embraces are by no means of equal intereſt or merit. Upon the whole, however, it muſt be conſidered as a moſt intereſting biographic melange, and admirably calculated, to adopt the language of its editor, "to ſatisfy curioſity, without gratifying malevolence." *Monthly Mirror.*

The Counterfeit: a Farce, in two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Andrew Franklin, Author of the Egyptian Feſtival, &c. 2*s.*

Uſing the words of Falſtaff, we may affirm that this is "no COUNTERFEIT, but the true and perfect image of life;" a little caricatured occaſionally, indeed, but not more than becomes the character and deſign of farce. Of its power over the riſible faculties, in acting, it is needleſs for us here to ſpeak; not only becauſe we have ſpoken elſewhere of its merits on the ſtage, but becauſe the whole town has ſat in judgment on it, the event of which has been moſt deſervedly flattering to Mr. Franklin. In the cloſet, half an hour may certainly be better ſpent, but ſeldom more agreeably, than in peruſing this whimſical production of a truly eccentric mind. The ſcene between Addle and Dizzy (p. 4) is irreſiſtibly droll, and, like many other parts, ſhews great knowledge of ſtage effect, with no ſmall portion of dramatic genius.

Monthly Mirror.

Letters on the Study and Uſe of Ancient and Modern Hiſtory; containing Obſervations and Reflections on the Cauſes and Conſequences of thoſe Events which have produced conſpicuous Changes in the Aſpect of the World, and the general State of Human Affairs. By John Bigland. 12*mo. pp.* 520. 6*s. Boards.*

Mr.

Mr. Bigland diſplays in this volume a well-cultivated and comprehenſive mind. His ſtyle is generally correct, though not highly poliſhed; his information is extenſive; and the many pertinent remarks and inferences, with which he has enriched this ſummary of general hiſtory, meet our cordial approbation.

Monthly Review.

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Eſq. (afterwards Lord Camelford,) then at Cambridge. Crown 8vo. pp. 130. 5s. Boards.

This little volume poſſeſſes ſo many claims to notice, that we are happy in introducing it thus early to the acquaintance of our readers. In theſe Letters we view Lord Chatham in a very different light from that in which we have been accuſtomed to contemplate him. Inſtead of the commanding orator, or the accompliſhed ſtateſman, we here ſee him engaged in the duties of domeſtic life, and exerciſing the powers of his enlightened underſtanding in the education of a near relative. The inſtructions given by him are of the pureſt nature, and calculated to produce a perfect character; and he directs the attention of his pupil chiefly to the practice of moral and religious duties, which are repreſented as the ground-work of all human excellence. The Letters, indeed, exhibit thoſe virtuous and admirable ſentiments, which rendered the noble writer a fit companion for Weſt and Lyttleton; and they diſcover that ſimilarity of character, in the moſt eſſential particulars, which muſt have rendered the meetings of theſe illuſtrious men at Wickham ſo peculiarly intereſting. Of their authenticity, no doubt can be entertained, ſince they are edited by Lord Grenville, and by him dedicated to the preſent Mr. Pitt. *Monthly Review.*

A collection of Letters written by the illuſtrious Earl of Chatham, and uſhered to general notice by the prefatory remarks of Lord Grenville, cannot fail to excite a conſiderable degree of intereſt. Hence, we are willing to flatter ourſelves, that the publication of this little volume will be productive of benefit to the nation at large. It appears to us to be well calculated to promote what the noble editor juſtly ſtyles, "the inſeparable intereſts of learning, virtue, and religion;"—and we ſuſpect that there are not a few characters to be found in the higher circles of Britiſh ſociety, who will be inclined to regard leſſons of ſound morality as much more entitled to reſpectful conſideration when they flow from the heart of a conſummate ſtateſman, declaring his ſentiments in the confidence of friendſhip, than when they are inculcated by the profeſſional labours of the divine. *Imperial Review.*

The correſpondence now before us "exhibits a great orator, ſtateſman, and patriot, in one of the moſt intereſting relations of private ſociety. Not, as in the Cabinet or the Senate, enforcing,

by a vigorous and commanding eloquence, thoſe counſels to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory; but implanting, with parental kindneſs, into the mind of an ingenuous youth, ſeeds of wiſdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a moſt accompliſhed man; directing him to the acquiſition of knowledge as the beſt inſtrument of action; teaching him, by the cultivation of his reaſon, to ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh in his heart thoſe principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it; and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude and obedience to God, as the only ſure ground-work of every human duty."

European Magazine.

Is it poſſible to ſee the great and venerable Chatham in a more amiable light than that in which we view him in theſe letters? If ſuch ardour and anxiety could agitate the boſom of the Earl, for the mental welfare of a nephew, what muſt he have felt, and what muſt not have been his exertions in the cauſe of a ſon? The effect is before us; and if he ſupplicated with the chief of Troy, ποτε τις πιπτοι, πατρος δ' ὑγε πολλον αμεινων, his prayer, if not fully granted, was moſt favorably received.

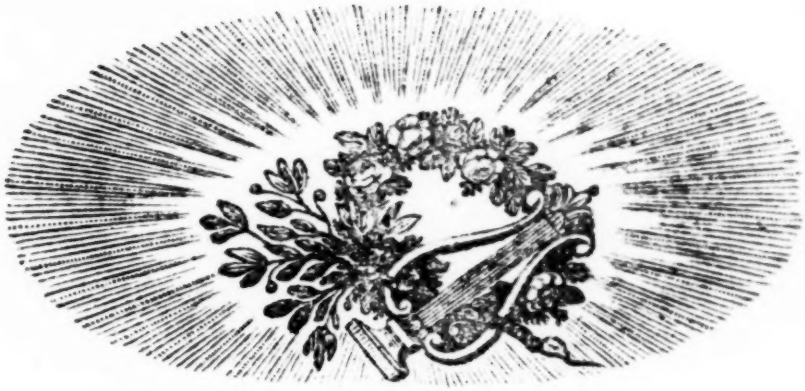
From what we have ſaid of theſe letters, and what we have given, it will be ſeen how admirably they are calculated, as the noble editor obſerves, in his dedication to Mr Pitt, to "teach how great talents may moſt ſucceſsfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may moſt honorably be directed."

Monthly Mirror.

A Companion and uſeful Guide to the Beauties in the Weſtern Highlands of Scotland, and in the Hebrides; to which is added, a Deſcription of Part of the main Land of Scotland, and of the Iſles of Mull, Ulva, Staffa, I-Columbkill, Tirii, Coll, Eigg, Skye, Raza, and Scalpa. By the Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Kenſington. Vol. II. 7s.

The former volume publiſhed by this lively and entertaining traveller, we have no doubt many ſucceeding viſitors of theſe intereſting parts of the Britiſh dominions, found both an agreeable companion and uſeful guide. The author has, in conſequence, been induced again to exerciſe her pen in the deſcription of the Weſtern Highlands, but more particularly of the Hebrides. The minuteneſs with which ſhe repreſents the diſtances of the different places, the moſt eligible means of travelling, the good and indifferent inns, the principal objects of curioſity, render this one of the moſt convenient and pleaſant books of the kind that we ever ſaw. Many curious anecdotes are interſperſed, and traditionary tales related in a ſprightly manner.

Britiſh Critic.



The Apollonian Wreath.

EDWARD CADOGAN.

A BALLAD.

THE moon it gleam'd palely, and dim shone the stars,
And the mist from the lake curl'd on high,
When Edward Cadogan (return'd from the wars)
To the cot of his parents drew nigh.

He arriv'd at the door, and uplifted the latch:
"Now soon shall I see them!" he cried—
"Now soon to their bosoms their Edward they'll snatch!"
Then a tear dimm'd his eye, and he sigh'd.

He enter'd the cottage; 'twas silent and drear,
The embers a dying light gave;
The sweet voice of "welcome" broke not on his ear,
But all was as still as the grave.

"Dear father and mother! your Edward is here;
"Why are you retir'd to rest?
"Ye know not the child you've long lost is so near,
"Ye know not your son is your guest.

"Sleep on, worthy pair! and serene be your dreams;
"May angels your pillow attend:
"I'll watch on this chair till the morning sun beams,
"For my troubles are now at an end."

He sunk on the seat, and his wearied eyes clos'd,
For many long miles had he sped
Ere he reach'd the lov'd spot where his parents repos'd,
And long had Night's curtain been spread.

But, hark! there's a groan in the chamber above!
O! Edward Cadogan, awake!
Now, now! is the time your affection to prove;
The lives of your friends are at stake!

Alas! 'tis too late! the dread business is o'er;
The villains have stifled their cries—
For mercy in vain did they feebly implore—
Each blesses their Edward, and dies.

And now the stairs creak as the ruffians descend,
And with caution the chamber look round:
On Edward (still sleeping) their scowling eyes bend,
His knapsack laid by on the ground.

"Tread soft, here's more booty! his knapsack behold;
"On the ground it no longer shall lay:
"'Tis heavy!—I would it were well fill'd with gold:
"As it is, we'll convey it away

"But, lest he should think that we mean him to rob,
"When we only intend an exchange;
"Let's leave him this knife, that has aided our job,
"And if that don't content him—'tis strange!"

Thus jeering, their way from the cottage they took,
Each bearing the spoils of their guilt:
They fear'd not that Being they long had forsook,
Nor regretted the blood they had spilt.

The day had long dawn'd when young Edward awoke,
Unrefresh'd by the dreams of the night;
But ere from his lips had his orisons broke,
The knife met his horror-struck sight.

What dread to his mind did this object impart!
"What means it," he fearfully cried.
"Of death 'tis the instrument! deep in the heart
"Of some one it has lately been dy'd.

"Oh! horrible thought!—Sure my parents are well!
"Their helplessness none would assail.—
"Chill Poverty from them each foe would repel;
"For her empire she holds in this vale.

"Yet why is it here! and why dripping with gore!
"Ah! dreadful the image it wakes:
"If true my forebodings, my comfort is o'er,
"And joy my sad bosom forsakes."

With trembling haste up the staircase he flew,
And soon in the chamber he stood.
Oh God! what a sight met his agoniz'd view!
His parents lay welt'ring in blood!

"They're

"They're murder'd! they're murder'd! he groan'd in despair:
"This night their dear spirits have fled.
"Accurs'd be those wretches, wherever they are,
"Who the blood of the aged have shed.

"'Tis I am their murd'rer!" in frenzy he rav'd,
"Oh anguish! why slept I so sound?
"While, perhaps, from th' assassin for pity they crav'd,
"And for aid they in vain look'd around!"

O! luckless the words from poor Edward that burst!
As he look'd on his parents' sad doom,
At that instant a crowd, striving which should be first,
With fury rush'd into the room.

"*'Tis I am their murd'rer!*" assail'd their shock'd ears,
As near to the chamber they drew;
Then onward they rush'd, each impell'd by their fears,
And found their surmises too true.

"Vile wretch!" they exclaim'd, as on Edward they rush,
"Destroyer of virtue and age!
"Soon, soon shall the law thy impieties crush,
"And the blood of these victims assuage."

All mute with despair, they convey'd him away;
No words did his sorrow express:
In prison shut out from the face of the day,
They left him to grief and distress.

When brought to his trial, no word did he speak;
All aid the poor culprit refus'd;
Yet the faint hectic blush passed quick o'er his cheek,
When of *murder!* the youth was accus'd.

Condemn'd by the Judge, he was sentenc'd to die;
And when to the gibbet was led,
One sad look of anguish, one deep convuls'd sigh,
Inform'd them his senses were fled.

But e'er round his limbs were the galling chains bound,
He was snatch'd from so dreadful a death;
For angels of mercy encompass'd him round,
And in silence he yielded his breath.

May Edward's sad fate be a lesson to those
Who too oft from appearance condemn,
To let mercy with justice sometimes interpose,
As they wish to have mercy shown them.

SUSAN.

ODE

On the Coronation of Buonaparte as Emperor of the Gauls.

BY MR. HACKETT.

Present the Furies.

First Fury.

MUTTER, mutter forth the spell
Big with deeds that frighten hell;
We inspir'd the dreary charm,
Full of horror and alarm:
Well the slaughter has been done,
Well the gory race was run;
He deserves the crimson'd wreath,
We the bloody gift bequeath:
Flash the torch, and stamp the ground,
Call the fiends of murder round;
Bid them throng the trophied hall,
While we crown the Lord of Gaul!

Second Fury.

Let the shades of dead men rise,
Ope their tombs, and break their ties,
Fathers, brothers, children, slain,
They who strew'd the mangled plain,
By his potent dire command,
In the vast Egyptian land!
Bid them all in order stand;
Give to each a noxious wand,
Rough with serpent's pois'ning slime,
Crusted by the pow'r of Time—
Lo! they come, yet dread the call,
Trembling at the Lord of Gaul!

Third Fury.

Cleave the earth, and rouse its fire,
Urge its shocks at our desire;
Let its thunders fiercely rage,
And its light'nings wildly wage!
Deep convulsions should be known
When the kingdom's made his own,
When the chaplet binds his brow,
Bravely won by human woe:
Hemlock weave amid the crown,
Sprinkle drops of ars'nic down
Ev'ry urn along the hall,
Flaming 'fore the Lord of Gaul!

Chorus

Chorus of Furies.

Sisters, sisters, see the sun
Shrinks from what we've nobly done;
Started from his radiant sphere,
Destin'd never more t' appear!
We can well supply his rays
With the cave's embowell'd blaze;
We can guide the beams of light,
And display superior might!

LINES

Written on the Evening preceding the Birth-day of an afflicted Mother.

TO-Morrow's dawn, which brings the coming day,
Wakes in my breast a share of joy and pain;
I bless that Pow'r that bids thee live this day,
But weep to see how Time doth on thee gain.

Ah! since thy widow'd heart was doom'd to feel
The sorrows which this cruel world can give,
Griefs that real delicacy would conceal,
That make e'en *youth* forego the wish to live;

How hath my watchful eye with anguish trac'd
The various changes in thy alter'd form!
With animated beauty lately grac'd,
E'er thou had'st felt Adversity's rude storm.

Yet, oh! my God, I thank thee that she lives;
Lives to the pray'rs of children ever dear.
The greatest happiness this world can give
To them, is drying ev'ry bitter tear.

Nought of ambition doth their bosoms fill;
Their wishes, mod'rate as their wants, are few:
'Tis simply this, to shield from ev'ry ill,
One to whom ev'ry tenderness is due.

Those brighter views that in Life's morning glide,
And fill the youthful mind with pleasing fears,
Check'd by the deluge of keen Sorrow's tide,
Hath bath'd *our* budding hopes in vales of tears.

Yet blasted hopes, nor vain regrets, shall fill
Thy suppliants' hearts—in all thy dealings true;
Grant but, O God! to shield from ev'ry ill,
One to whom ev'ry tenderness is due.

June 20th, 1804. SICILIANI.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD,

Addressed to the Mother.

I.

O CEASE thy little darling to deplore;
Reason, Religion, bids thee weep no more;
To happier realms thy lovely prattler flies,
Exchanging transient pain for endless joys:
Perhaps the little saint surveys thy cares,
And though an angel—weeps, to see a mother's tears.

II.

Think on the ills that human life perplex,
The fears that rack us—and the cares that vex;
From these—thy child finds refuge in the tomb,
And leaves us grovelling in the dreary gloom:
Death is no tyrant to a soul like this,
His frowns are mercy—and his torments, bliss.

III.

She is not lost—The rose that seems to die,
Is but transplanted to its native sky:
When *thou* shalt mingle with thy parent clay,
And *thy* freed spirit seek the realms of day,
Thy Mary, glowing with celestial love,
Shall lisp thy welcome to the choirs above;
Explain the glories of the bright abode,
Flutter her cherub wings, and lead thee to thy God.

Oxford, WILLIAM.
July 3d, 1804.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

By a Young Lady.

BRIGHT Cynthia, hail! thou charming Queen of Night;
By thy soft beams I dearly love to stray;
And by thy pale, thy mild and silv'ry light,
Admiring I could muse whole nights away.

Methinks in silent contemplation here,
Gazing on thee I could for ever sit;
In pleasing meditation banish fear,
And every earthly care could soon forget.

Now no rude sound breaks on my list'ning ear,
The busy, thoughtless world are sunk to rest;
Except, sweet Philomel, thy notes I hear,
Which serves the more to sooth my tranquil breast.

Of these sublimer pleasures to partake,
The world, and all its charms, I would forsake.

LUDICROUS LINES,

Written upon the Birth-day of a lovely little Boy, who was rather apt to display Symptoms of an animated Disposition.

TWELVE moons had just circled their annual round,
The world had revolv'd round the sun,
When Signior Squallini, with no gentle sound,
Awoke from his slumbers, and, like any hound,
A cadence so shrill thus begun.—

Yet how shall a Poet presume to describe
A *sound* unconnected with sense?
For Signior Squallini had not learn'd to gibe;
Though Lavater to *such a face*—ne'er would ascribe
A thought which was *vapid* or dense.

That the Signior had talents, all persons declar'd,
Who view'd the quick glance of his eyes:
His father protested no pains had been spar'd
To make him a genius—who was to be rear'd
Like Scriblerus—the *great*—and the *wise*.

But his mother, alas! had not follow'd the laws
Which the sire of Scriblerus ordain'd:
She would eat *beef* and *pork*, which is surely the *cause*
Why the Signior so often extended his jaws,
And the rights of his sex--*bold* maintain'd.

Then on Signior Squallini ne'er throw any blame
For showing he will have his way;
To his mother alone belongeth the shame;
For had she liv'd on *herbs*—the boy had been tame
As a lamb—I will venture to say.

Yet long may that mother behold the return
Of that day which gave birth to her son.
From her precepts, I trust, the young Signior will learn
The pure path of virtue to tread, and discern
Till the race of existence is run.

June 7th, 1804.

LINES

Written on the Birth-day of the same, in consequence of his Mother's declaring she should have been more gratified by something less ludicrous.

THE opening blossom of the thorn
Proclaims the rip'ning year;
The lark, shrill herald of the morn,
Announces summer near.

The

The mind's expansive pow'rs are trac'd
E'en in our infant days:
Then we behold the hero grac'd
With verdant wreaths of bays!

Yes, lovely boy—in thee I view
No common turn of mind:
Like Hector,* I the thought pursue
Of *manhood*—in a child.

The prospect of thy future worth
In fancy now I trace;
E'en at the moment of thy birth
Expression mark'd thy face!

Twelve moons have now their circuits ran
Since that propitious day;
And though the period's a mere span,
With thee it has pass'd gay.

As years increase, so may thy joys,
Thy *virtues* I would say;
For vice all happiness destroys;
'Tis like the meteor's ray,

Which shines—yet fleeting in the light,
A mere deceptious spark,
That makes the *present* moment *bright*,
To prove the *future dark!*

May no dark cloud o'er thee be spread,
May brilliant prospects rise;
May Fortune's smiles on thee be shed,
Sweet blessing—from the skies!

And to thy parents may'st thou prove
A source of heartfelt joy;
A bond—to strengthen wedded love;
A bliss—without alloy.

June 7th, 1804.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

LOUISA sleeps in yonder grave!
Her only fault was love!
Her Edward sank beneath the wave!
She join'd him soon above!

When

* Alluding to Hector's prognostic respecting the future conduct of his son.

When tidings came of Edward's fate,
Poor lost Louisa cried,
"Grant, Heaven! e're long, I join my mate!"
Then sicken'd! droop'd! and died!

The village maids each year attend,
They keep the sacred day;
In silence o'er her tomb they bend,
Their tears bedew the clay.

Her grave with flow'ry wreaths they bind!
A pleasing tribute this;
They pray that she, with Edward join'd,
May taste eternal bliss!

July 5th, 1804. J. M. L.

LINES

On hearing of the recent Illness and Recovery of a Female Friend.

NINE summers just this lovely girl had pass'd,
(At once her father's pride, her mother's joy,)
When sudden illness, with its direful blast,
Threaten'd the tender blossom to destroy.

Disease increasing, all their hopes had crush'd,
The hand of Death seem'd o'er her frame to move;
A silent stupor ev'ry pow'r had hush'd,
And serv'd the more the fatal truth to prove;

When lo! what sounds delight the parents' ears!
Behold their little darling now revives;
Go, view the object of your anxious care,
With pleasure go, for, lo, she lives! she lives!

What joy now sparkles in the parents' eyes,
When they again her prattling accents hear!
Grateful emotions in their bosoms rise
To *Him* who has been better than their fear.

May she to *Him* devote her future days,
Whose gracious hand has kindly spar'd her now;
Her youthful heart delight to sing *his* praise,
While she remains a mortal here below.

And then be wafted to those realms of bliss,
Where neither grief nor sickness can invade;
Her mortal suff'rings shall for ever cease,
And everlasting joy shall crown her head.

O. P.

LINES

LINES

To the Memory of a Sister.

IF the full heart can ever pardon claim
For pouring forth its burthen to the ear,
If the deep sigh can ever virtuous seem
For friends for ever lost, for ever dear;

Then, O, my sister! may a sister plead
The heart's o'erflowing, that she dares intrude
Her sorrows here, nor other reason need,
Than loss of thee, so fair, so sweet, so good.

How oft, when at the placid hour of eve
Domestic occupations were resign'd,
The house with airy footsteps did we leave,
In the cool *Meadow Walk* to feast the mind!

There, as I've listen'd to the words which came
In pure and native sweetness from thy tongue,
How have I gloried in a sister's name,
And wonder'd at thy sense whilst yet so young!*

Or when the wint'ry blast our circle brought
To share the joys the fostering hearth imparts,
How did thy tongue, with sportive humour fraught,
Gild the delights which play'd around our hearts!

No more in our lov'd walk shalt thou inspire
My mind with Contemplation's heavenly rays;
No more, assembled round the social fire,
Thy chearful fancy each glad list'ner please.

How short the period since we hail'd thy birth!
How, like a morning, art thou past away!
Thy Maker suffer'd thee to *dawn* on earth,
But call'd thee hence to *shine in perfect day*.

The awful mandate issued, to repine,
Were to forget the blessings that remain;
Large share of Heaven's bounties still are mine,
And shall I then its just decrees arraign?

But when philosophers, or rather those
Who take the title, and with it the right,
New laws on human nature to impose,
To Nature opposite as day to night;

When

* Fifteen Years.

When such would teach me, breaking each fond tie
Of friend, and sister, to reflect on thee,
My Betsey, with cold Apathy's void eye,
Nor drop one tear to thy lov'd memory;

My soul with indignation spurns their laws
As worse than savage, to the mighty will—
Repugnant of that infinite FIRST CAUSE,
Who in our breasts affection did instil.

No! when thy virtues strike upon my heart,
Its every chord shall vibrate with a sigh;
Thy fancied image often shall impart
My soul-dissolving feelings to mine eye.

Oh! if the *arbor*, which thou help'dst to plant,
Be carelessly permitted to decay,
Or thy *sweet-brier* due attention want,
Whilst due attention to it I can pay;

Then may my name be cruelly forgot
By those dear relatives in whom I trust
For love immutable; I'll say my lot
Is amply merciful, and strictly just.

June 1st, 1804. R— C—.

MIRA.

PEACE decks the morn of Mira's life,
Unclouded, calm, serene, and gay;
Unknown to care, unknown to strife,
Swift speed the rosy hours away.

O'er flow'ry scenes, by Nature fram'd,
Sweet Mira moves with modest mien;
By all the neighb'ring hamlets nam'd,
"The blooming Beauty of the Green."

Gay smiling Plenty marks the spot,
The beauteous spot I love so well;
All Nature strives to deck the cot
Where beauteous Mira loves to dwell.

Hail, happy maid!—thy parents' pride,
The blooming hope of fading age;
Kind angels o'er thy fate preside,
And write thy name in Virtue's page.

Kingsland, J. M.
July, 1804.

SONNET,

TO AN OLD PAIR OF BREECHES;

Composed between America Square and the Temple, on seeing them on a Ragman's Cart, May 29th, 1804.

Hold, Ragman, hold—now, while my thoughts are on it,
Let's scrawl a line—those breeches ask a sonnet.

POOR cast-off friends! a better day you've seen,
Tho' sadly now those threadbare stitches mock it;
And proudly erst were you esteem'd, I ween,
Eftsoons without a sixpence in your pocket.

Belike at first some Fribble put you on;
To sooth his pride and vanity he wore you;
But when your gloss and colouring were gone,
Disdainfully from off his thighs he tore you.

So I, while color'd flattery I sold them,
From all my friends of love was never lacking;
But when the plain and honest truth I told them,
Like you, cast off, they sent me soon a packing.

Ah me! how might we thrive in friends and riches,
Could we but keep *a gloss* upon our breeches!

Inner Temple. POOR JACK.

Correspondence, &c.

We take the liberty of informing William, *that we only wish for originals; and consider it disingenuous, to send us pieces as such, which have already appeared, as was the case with his* "Song," *page* 68.

It may probably be agreeable to our musical readers to be informed, that the Song in page 72, "Ye tearful clouds," *is set to music as a duet, by* Theodore Smith.

"The Unfortunate" *is too unfinished for insertion.*

"The Mendicant's Confession," *has some good verses, but is inadmissible as a whole.*

Song "Why glisten those brilliants?" *by* J. J. S.—"Strephon, on taking up a Violet,"—and "The Wandering Octavia," *shall appear next Month.*

Mackenzie sculp.

Lady Heathcote.

Published by Vernor & Hood Sept.r 1.st 1804.